

RAISED BY THE SEA



CLARENCE SIGURDSON



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With best regards
Mike Wentworth

Clarence Sigurdson

**RAISED
BY
THE
SEA**

CLARENCE SIGURDSON

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Foreword

I am writing this story in order that some of the historical events may be preserved. I was born in Warrenton, Oregon, on the day of President McKinley's death, September 14, 1901. Some of my memories take me back to before I was five years old.

It is not my intention to look up as much already recorded history as possible for this book but rather more to reminisce along the lines of my own personal experiences and memories. Many of the following experiences and happenings will not have exact dates. However, I will try to tell the story of happenings as much in sequence as is conveniently possible and always with the idea of bringing in as much history of the area as possible. I am including some of the brief notes from my father's diary, especially where names and places are mentioned.

I would like to especially give recognition for pictures supplied by my sister, Runa Kessell, and to Commander A. A. Asquith, for the pictures of the ships.

My father's name was Asvaldur, my mother's Anna, my oldest brother's Alex; next my sister Anna, then Fred, Sigurd and Gunnar. Then, my sister Runa; then William, George, and I. My younger brothers will be talked about later.

Around The Turn Of The Century

My parents were both born in Iceland and immigrated to the United States at an early age. They were married as the first couple in the First Lutheran Church in North Dakota on July 22, 1885.

My oldest brothers and sister were born in Mountain, North Dakota, and in 1893 the family moved to Sheridan, Oregon.

In 1899 my parents, with five boys and two girls, moved to Warrenton, Oregon. The youngest girl, Runa Kessell, is still living in Warrenton. After moving to Warrenton, my father dug razor clams for Pete Halferty. He then fished for salmon in the Lewis & Clark River and then dug clams for John Cawker. Also, in 1899 my father bought a horse from O'Hara and a heifer from Bomgartner. These facts I am getting from my father's diary.

In 1900 my father rented a house from Mrs. O'Hara. He dug clams for Pete Halferty. He bought a horse from John Boice, and a wagon from Ford & Stokes Hardware in Astoria. He purchased Lot 6, Block 20 from A. R. Cyrus, and in the fall he fired boilers in the old D. L. Kelley Lumber Co. mill located downtown in Warrenton, a block or more above the highway bridge on the west side of the Skipanon River.

On May 22nd, 1900, my brother George was born. On September 14th, 1901, I was born in what was known as the "Larsen house," located at what was then known as 4th and Main, also called the house over the slough, now 3rd and Main.

At the time I was born, my father dug and shipped clams to John Vince & Son, Portland. That year my father got his deed for Lot 6, Block 20, from H. C. Thompson and some river frontage from D. K. Warren.

The horse that was bought from O'Hara was sold to Reeves.

My oldest brother Alex went to work as a painter's apprentice in the railroad car shops located in the north end of Warrenton just south of Alder Creek near Tansy Point, in the fall of 1901 for one dollar per day.

In 1902 my father purchased Lot 5, Block 20 from W. B. Edwards for one hundred twenty-five dollars, and he bought the frontage of Lot 5, Block 20 from D. K. Warren for one hundred dollars.

In 1902 my father was elected road supervisor.

In 1903 the family left the Larsen house and moved into the Halferty house on July 22nd. This house was lo-



The Oscar Olson family, neighbors of the Sigurdsons

cated nearly opposite the present dam across the Skipanon River. It was torn down about 1965. My oldest memories were when we lived in that house. More to come later.

My brother Henry was born in the Larsen house, on May 1, 1903.

Warrenton, a low, flat area at the base of a peninsula, is bounded by the Columbia River on the northeast and the Pacific Ocean on the west.

The Skipanon River divided the town east and west. The town was named after two Warren brothers. They came from around Knappa where they logged piling for docks for such places as Astoria.

Daniel K. Warren bought up homesteads on the west side of the Skipanon River. Included in the homesteads were the Coffenberries and Peases.

Phinley C. Warren bought the property on the east side of the river.

As there was a lot of low tideland about four or five feet above sea level, both of the Warrens had a lot of dikes to build to keep the water out at high tide. There were quite a number of natural sloughs through this land, so when they diked across the sloughs they put wooden tide boxes in with gates on them. The water could run out at low tide, but the gates swung closed by the water pressure when the tide came in to prevent the water from running in.

The main part of Warrenton developed on the west side where Daniel Warren located. One reason was because there was more high ground in the west side that did not need diking.

Quite a vast area of land between Phinley Warren's property and Youngs Bay was owned by Dr. B. A. Owens Adair, including the present airport. When she deeded property for the railroad she specified that there were to be two stop stations. One located just before the railroad turned to cross Youngs Bay, called Meriweather; and the other was probably half a mile west toward Warrenton, called Sunnymead. Sunnymead was located near a slough called Sunnymead Slough. We used to fish in Sunnymead Slough.

Dr. B. A. Owens Adair's husband was John Adair who was a Civil War veteran. They had an adopted son named

John. The son John married Grace Dawson, and they had two daughters and one son.

Dr. B. A. Owens Adair became a State Legislator. She promoted, and had passed in the legislature, the sterilization bill.

Dr. B. A. Owens Adair was quite liberal in allowing people to pick blackberries on her property. However, she was very particular in having people be sure to know her name correctly.

On May 1st, 1903, my father started his own clam cannery on his property down the river a couple of blocks from the Halferty house.

In 1903 a sawmill was being built known as "Warrenton Lumber Company," located where the Warrenton Mooring Basin is now. Also, Baldwin Halgason built a blacksmith



The author at any early age

shop on the street end of what was then 7th Street near Main Street. Also, Daniel K. Warren died that year. He is the one who took the west side of the Skipanon River to develop; while his brother Phinley C. Warren, took the east side of the Skipanon River.

Phinley C. Warren's son Frank started logging that year. Also, the railroad machine shops burned that year. During that year, my father owned a sailboat named "Noah"; and made trips along the Columbia River to sell canned clams.

During 1904 my father sold his boat "Noah" and bought a fish boat which he wrecked by Chinook, Washington. The boat was a total loss.

The new Warrenton Lumber Company mill ran steady, while the old Kelley Mill was closed down all summer. Also, the Flavel Lumber & Shingle Company was closed all summer.

Alex quit the car painting shop and went to work in Portland for a while.

My father was elected Justice of the Peace in Warrenton. The Warrenton school teachers were Mr. James Richmond and Miss Johnson.

Earliest Memories

On December 4th, 1904, my brother Oswald was born. That is the farthest back that I can remember. I remember the anxiety waiting for the doctor to come to bring us a new baby.

Finally, Dr. Jay Toutle came with his horse and buggy. He had a doctor's satchel that seemed to me to be just the right size to hold a baby. My brother Henry and I (Henry was a year and one-half old), ran out and opened the gate. They made us stay outside and play until it was all over. Which was very disappointing to us.

Gray's house burned December 31st at night. I believe Mrs. Quincy Robinson of Warrenton was one of that Gray family. Her sister told me a few years ago that when she was a child she used to fish off the wrecked sailing vessel



Runa Sigurdson, the author's sister

named the "Cairnsmore," now covered with pine trees six hundred feet west of the so-called Burma Road, west of the south end of Coffenberry Lake. The Burma Road is the road that runs west of Neacoxie Creek at Camp Rilea and connects with the road which runs to the Peter Iredale.

In 1905 my father canned fourteen hundred cases of

clams. In those days all the sealing was done by soldering.

In 1905 both the Warrenton Lumber Company and the Flavel Lumber and Shingle Co. went broke while D. L. Kelley gave his mill a good reconditioning.

In 1906 my father canned fifteen hundred cases of clams. We moved into our new house which is now called the Doney Apartments, in July. That was from the old Halferty house located about one hundred feet south of the present Skipanon dam, on the right side of the road behind the cedar tree.



Wreck of the "Cairnsmore" lost Sept. 1883 at Clatsop Beach

While living in the old house, I remember the Dunsmore family living over the river bank opposite our house. Mr. Dunsmore fished and made net corks out of cedar. He had a barrel rigged up with a lid and turned on an axis by hand. This was used to polish the net corks that he made.

One day he caught me and put me in this barrel and slowly turned it two or three revolutions. From then on every time I saw him, I ran. They had sons named Oliver and Ray. The family later moved to Svensen where at least Oliver is still living. It was quite a sight to see their boats, floats and barges all tied together going down the river when they moved.

I also remember while living in the old house the bridge

which crossed the Skipanon River about 160 yards above the present dam. There was a slaughter house at the other end of the bridge which belonged to Fred Preston. We kids would really scoot for the house when we saw a herd of cattle coming by for the slaughter house.

One day I was out in the front yard and saw Tutor Smith trying to turn his team of horses and wagon around on the bridge. The horses got started backing and did not stop until Tutor, the wagon, and the horses all backed off the bridge into the river. It so happened the tide at that time was not very high and neither Tutor nor the horses were badly hurt, although the harness and wagon were pretty badly broken up.

Tutor Smith was the grandson of Chief Cobaway's daughter. He had a brother named Starr, a sister Edna, a sister May Wallingford, and another sister, Agnes Day. Quite a number of these descendants are still around Warrenton.

I ran across Tutor in Portland in 1945, for the first time in many years, and asked him if he remembered backing off the bridge. He assured me that it is the one thing he would never forget as long as he lived.

The Bergmans, the Kelley family, and Bob Abbott, who was a Civil War veteran, were also our neighbors in the old Halferty house.

In the fall of 1906, my father also bought a clam cannery in Westport, Washington and canned eight hundred cases of clams before New Years. He also bought more lots near the home in Warrenton and bought a horse in Seaside.

On October 25, 1906, the British bark, "Peter Iredale," was wrecked opposite Fort Stevens State Park. The "Peter Iredale" carried a load of Stockholm tar made from wood. I remember a barrel of this tar at my dad's cannery for many years after.

The older school boys from Warrenton had the habit of going out to the Peter Iredale and swinging on the lines that hung down from the yardarms. On one occasion, Malcolm Grider was drowned when he kept swinging after the tide got so high he could not make it to shore. He was crippled and was handicapped. At low tide it was easy to get aboard the ship from the west side, but the waves



"Peter Iredale"

washed deep holes in places. Rust has finally reduced the ship to a skeleton. However, Will Hardie's grandson had hundreds of pictures reproduced showing Will Hardie and the captain of the ship on a wagon near the ship, and Will Hardie's son Wallace on the ship. These pictures show the ship shortly after it was wrecked. Commander C. C. Asquith, 520 Ave. S., Seaside, has a picture of the "Peter Iredale" taken in Europe. He is a retired Coast Guard commander with a wide and varied experience of a lot of wrecked ships. He has two pictures of the masts showing the old wreck "Cairnsmore."

For many years while in my younger years we used to swing on a cable which hung down from a yardarm of the "Cairnsmore."

Shortly after World War I, an Astoria junk man cut the masts down and hauled them to Astoria for junk. The yardarm was sold to be used for a boom on a clam shell type digger which built dikes in the Lower Columbia area.

A few years ago, Jay Coffee and I used a metal detector and got a limit reading on the location of the

"Cairnsmore." However, I believe if an attempt to uncover it was made, the water table would be reached quite a few feet before the hull would be located.

About forty years ago, I asked my father why a barbed wire fence went across Coffenberry Lake and in the center of the lake the tops of the posts were under water. He advised me that when he first came to Warrenton he used to drive a team of horses and a wagon alongside that fence.

A week or two after the "Peter Iredale" was wrecked, another sailing ship the "Galena" went ashore South of Sunset Beach at what is now called "Surf Pines."



Warrenton girls' Whoop team (1906)

When the captain saw he was going in on the beach, he put the anchor out. This kept the ship pointing east and west. And in that way the surf does not cause as much digging around the ship. The crew left the ship and worked their way over the hill east to civilization.

One day, Lloyd Loomis, who was sometimes called "Hook" Loomis, told me his father got on the ship at low

tide and stayed on the ship until high tide. He said when the tide was high he noticed the ship was floating. However, by himself, he was unable to get the ship out to sea again.

Years later, people blasted the plates off the ship for junk. However, the bottom of the ship is still buried in the sand.

Vern Y. Davis, who surveyed the Surf Pines area for Barney Lucas, told me the compass needle of his instrument went all directions at a place where he was told later was the Galena. He now knows exactly where it is, on the north end of Surf Pines, and now a house is very close to it. Mrs. Ray Watts, who is the daughter of Jim Bumner, knows all about the party who dismantled the Galena.

After we moved into the new house down the river from the Halferty house, I have many memories of happenings there.

Across the river there were a lot of spruce trees. Around those trees there used to be hundreds of crows. It would seem that all of them were cawing at the same time and the noise was almost deafening. At one time, a bear swam across the river near our house and went across the street



British ship "Galena"—stranded Nov. 1906 at Clatsop Beach

and railroad track and into the woods to the west. Everyone got excited and grabbed their guns, but no one got the bear.

At one time, a lot of bats roosted in our barn. In the evening they would come out and we could see several dozen of them flying around. We would get 1" x 4" boards about 8 feet or 10 feet long and knock them down while they were flying. It seemed they could steer to miss obstructions which were stationary, but when we swung the boards they were unable to dodge them.

One day a big band of geese landed in Preston's pasture, about three blocks up the road from where we lived. The Warrenton Lumber yard is now located there. That field around that time was also where the Warrenton baseball team's ball grounds were located.

One day when my older brothers were out to the beach digging clams, they came upon a young hair seal. They brought it home and put it in a barrel. Every day they would take the seal out of the barrel and turn it loose in the Skipanon River so it could fish. They followed it with a skiff until they thought that it had enough. Then they would catch it and put it back in the barrel. One day the seal would not be caught. So it kept diving and working down river until it got away from them.

On another occasion a whale was washed up on the beach. There was so much excitement caused over the whale that school was dismissed. Due to so little transportation in those days, most of those going to the beach had to walk, including the grownups.

The whale was pretty far north. In fact, north of the Peter Iredale. So most of them followed along the ridge road down to Fort Stevens and crossed the sand from there to the beach. Over this wide stretch of sand and driftwood at that time was a lot of quicksand. While crossing the quicksand, my sister Runa sank down to her waist. It so happened that G. Clifford Barlow and W. P. Horner were nearby and pulled her out.

The above mentioned whale was seventy feet long.

Many years later a number of sand knolls were washed out North of the Peter Iredale and at the base of one of them

was the skeleton of a whale. I sometimes wonder if this was the same whale.

My brothers tore loose a number of the plates located where the gills would normally be. These plates were used by the whale to screen out the small fish from the water when they were in a school of small fish. The plates had coarse substance on the edges that reminded you of real coarse hair. These plates, or thin bones, were being used to cut up and carve souvenirs. They were quite pliable. I remember some of them carved "Whale Bone From Clatsop Beach."



Sigurdson Clam Cannery in Westport, Washington (1907)

In 1907 my parents, my youngest brothers and I got on the train at Warrenton to go by train to Goble. At Goble the train was put on a large barge and taken across the Columbia River to Kalama. From there we went to Chehalis and to South Bend. There we got on a ferry and went to Tokeland. At Tokeland, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Kelley met us with a team of horses and a wagon. As there was no inland road at that time, we went up the beach to Westport. That trip seemed an eternity and we arrived in Westport late that night. My father canned forty-four hundred cases of clams in Westport that year.

We had a lot of fun in Westport.

When we came back to Warrenton, we went by wagon to Tokeland, and stayed at Kindred's Hotel in Tokeland over

night. We got into a fight with some other kids just as we were leaving the hotel. We boarded a ferry that went across the bay to Nahcotta. From there we boarded a narrow gauge train owned by the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company to Megler. From there we took the boat "Nahcotta," also owned by the O.W.R.R. & N. Ry. to Astoria and from there by train to Warrenton. My father also canned one thousand cases of clams in Warrenton that year.

My father had a very good team of horses named "Goldy" and "Daisy." He sold the Westport cannery to P. S. Guilford in December, 1907, and included Goldy and Daisy in the sale.

My father was quite an admirer of President Theodore Roosevelt.

When he sent the U.S. Navy around the world, the family packed a picnic lunch, and by a team of horses and wagon we drove out to Columbia Beach. We stopped on top of the high hill overlooking the ocean. The fleet arrived on schedule and we were very excited to see the whole U.S. Navy strung out one after the other in single file. We stayed and looked until the last ship had gone out of sight and then we headed home.

In my younger days, Columbia Beach was quite a place. Several houses and a hotel were located out on the last sand dune. At outer Neacoxie Creek was a boathouse and bridge and about a dozen canoes for rent. Then between inner and outer Neacoxie Creek was a field where baseball, etc., were played. Just north of the field was a dance hall, a community building and quite a number of tent frames.

The wagon road went south from Warrenton and around the south end of Smith Lake; then in a winding northwesterly direction to Columbia Beach.

Just as you came into the opening or clearing at Columbia Beach, there was an Indian grave to the right about twenty feet from the road. Years later the fence around the grave was gone and a concrete slab was placed there. Conflicting reports have stated the grave contained a medicine woman and was also the grave of Chief Tostum. Years later the slab was moved and the grave was robbed. Among other

things a hank of red hair was supposed to have been found there.

School Days Begin

When I first started to school in September, 1907, the teacher in the little school was Mrs. William McCready. Her husband was foreman of the D. L. Kelley Lumber Co., years later known as F. G. Kelley Lumber Co.

The big school was taught by Joseph T. Lee.

For the next three years, Mrs. O. H. Byland was the teacher at the little school—the first four grades, and Mr. O. H. Byland taught the big school.

We had about a mile to go to school and at noon came home to lunch. We usually ran back so we could play a little while before the bell rang. There was an hour for lunch. We got wet a lot in winter as we did not have rain clothes.

One day, when a group of us were on our way home from school, we passed the Elk Saloon, owned and operated by Jacob Bosshart, Sr. I was the smallest one in the group and was following behind. One of the largest kids swung the saloon door open while another sailed a large club of wood down the floor. I got there just in time to see the club scooting down the floor to the back of the saloon. The



Warrenton Public School (1907)

other kids ran right away, but I did not get started running until I saw Jake Bosshart. I ran out into the wiregrass where the Warrenton city hall is now. When Jake caught me I was so scared I wet my pants. My brother George came back to my rescue and assured Jake it was those boys way up there. Jake asked their names but George would not give them to him.

In 1908 my father bought a team of mares in Seaside. He later bought a launch named the "Teddy Roosevelt" and traded the horses in on the boat deal. He operated the boat to haul passengers and freight from Warrenton to Astoria, Chinook, Ilwaco, Hammond, and back to Warrenton.

My brother Alex and sister Anna went to high school in Astoria.

My father bought the old Halferty cannery, tore it down and built a warehouse by his own cannery. This building was put up with hand made square nails. He also built a freight warehouse for the boat. Also, he bought a scow and built a house on it. After all this, his finances were pretty low.

During the summer we had a cannery crew picnic. We all boarded the "Teddy Roosevelt" and went to Tongue Point just above Astoria. From then on, the cannery crew picnics were traditional every year. All the cannery crew was invited and some others. It seems each year there were always



Cannery crew picnic (about 1919)

some who were disappointed because they did not get invited.

My mother and brother Oswald made a trip to Mountain, North Dakota to visit relatives. It was pretty hard on us smaller kids to be without a mother so long. And it sure made us happy when they returned.

Quite a few women around town enjoyed visiting with my mother. One was Mrs. Kate Juhrs. She was a real nice old full-blooded Indian with a flat head. Her head sloped back from just above her eyes. I heard that it was a custom to put a board on the babies who were royalty, causing their heads to slope.

Mrs. Juhr's father was Chief Tostum who specialized in building canoes. Chief Tostum was the nephew of Chief Cobaway and became chief after Cobaway died. However, he was not a very powerful chief, and was the last Indian in this area to act as chief.

Mrs. Juhrs was married to a white man and they had a number of children named Christine, Henry, Mary, Minor, and Frances. Frances married Ernest Falkoner.

Mrs. Juhrs lived for many years south of the B. A. Owens Adair home on a hill just east of what is now called Newton's Corner. She grew a lot of different kinds of berries—gooseberries, currants, etc., and when she came to visit my mother she brought along some jelly. She also picked and made jelly of the wild berries such as salmonberry and salal. She was a very good cook and later became the cook for George Warren, a son of Daniel K. Warren.

Tom Falkoner said when he was quite young he and a group including Mrs. Juhrs went on a picnic to Columbia Beach. And as they passed the Indian grave Mrs. Juhrs said it was her father's, but not to tell as it would encourage grave diggers.

Warrenton was named after the two Warren brothers who bought up the property and settled it. Daniel K. Warren raised a family of two sons and two daughters. The oldest son, George, spent his lifetime in Warrenton on his father's farm and later the estate and dealt mostly in cattle. He married his nurse Florence Baker and they had a son, Daniel. After George came Fred. Then a daughter Maud,

who married Charles Higgins who worked in the bank in Astoria. They had a daughter named Betty who is now living down the Oregon coast. After Maud they had another daughter named Lou, who married Henry Thompson and had a son and daughter. The daughter's name was Edwina.



Mrs. Juhrs with one of her children

The brother who bought up the east side of the Skipanon River, Phinley C. Warren, had one son, Frank M., and a daughter Carie. Frank had a daughter Marion who later married Roy Schultz, and also a son Clifford. Later Frank remarried and had a son Merle and another son Fred. Phinley's daughter, Carie, married Charles Lester who at one time logged with his brother-in-law, Frank. Lester also was a State Senator and succeeded in getting twenty thousand dollars appropriated for the state's first fish hatchery.

This hatchery was built on the Klaskanine River above Olney. They had a son, Warren, who at one time was a partner of my older brothers when they had the "Rose" and the Warrenton Transportation Company. Frank was mayor of Warrenton for some time, but died in rather poor circumstances.

Carie Lester told me that when her parents first came to Warrenton, they built a house at the mouth and on the east side of the Skipanon River. This area was above high water and sandy. Originally it was an Indian campground and at times we used to go out there and find arrowheads.

Phinley planted a row of spruce trees on this spot. They grew until the dredge "Natoma" filled in the land around them so high the trees died. I had never seen that house. Before the trees died, I believe the trunks were about fourteen inches in diameter. Carie Lester told me when Frank and she were quite small their home was on an island at high tide. And on Sundays they used to row a boat up the Skipanon to go to Sunday School and row back afterwards.

A little later, Phinley went ahead and diked the area.

Up the river a couple of hundred yards, the Sanborn Cutting Company had a net loft and dock so gillnetters could store their nets there.

Later, during World War I, a shipyard was started, but they went broke before any keels were laid. This shipyard was started just above where Sanborn's net loft was located. Later, the P. C. Warren house was located at what is now the east end of the Warrenton Mooring Basin.

Both Mrs. Daniel K. Warren and Mrs. Phinley C. Warren lived long enough so I remember them.

During my early days in Warrenton, practically all the business buildings were north of the railroad tracks near the river. North of the railroad depot, the street was built up with planks. In those days fills were too expensive. Along this street was Tom Trine's cigar store on the extreme left by where the tide box went through from the Chinese Sea. Then there was a pool and card room. Then C. W. White's General Store and Butcher Shop, in the front of the old Warrenton Hotel. On the right of the hotel a dock ran out to an island which was out in the river. That was the dock

where the boats landed from upriver. On the way out to the dock was a butcher shop and meat market on the right, and the post office on the left. For years when I would hear my father say he was going to the post office, I thought it was called post office because it was setting on posts.

On the island at the dock was a large building known as "Warren's Hall." It was originally used as a hotel with lounge and dining room on the lower floor and rooms on the upper floor.

Later it was used as a Sunday School, a dance hall, a meeting room for such events as the Grand Army of The Republic (Civil War veterans), etc. During World War I, the Hammond Lumber Company used it as a boarding house for mill workers.

There also was an extension of the dock over to near the slaughterhouse and Daniel Warren's home. Years later, this old Warren's Hall was moved to just north of where Tom Trine's Cigar Store used to stand. It was then named the Lehto Hotel, later on it burned. It was near the railroad track.

On the south side of the railroad track were two of the mill houses near the river. This was on the right just before you crossed the road bridge. Just west of the two houses, one of which was occupied by the Harry McDermott family, was the road up to the D. L. Kelley mill. Then west of this road was Coffey's store. The Coffey family lived upstairs



"Warren's Hall"

above the store. More than once we used to go down with a couple of pennies and get them to open up the store on Sundays to sell us a couple of jaw breakers or chocolate drops.



(Left to right) Harry and Lizzie McDermott; Anna Sigurdson
(author's mother)

Then west of Coffey's store was the building which had rooms upstairs and served meals downstairs. Later it became Doc Yak's pool hall and card room, with a barber shop up front.

Then a good block further west was the Elk Saloon and blacksmith shop alongside.

I cannot remember where the council or town hall meetings were held, as the city hall was built later south of the Elk Saloon and where the present city hall now stands.

Charlie Vinout poured the first concrete sidewalk in town, which was in front of the city hall when it was built.

In the early days, Warrenton had no electricity or water system.

At night it was the habit of people to carry kerosene lanterns wherever they went. Sometimes during storms the lantern would go out. Where the ground was higher, people dug wells for water. But in the tideland area, people had tanks alongside their houses and caught the rain water from the roof. Downtown where the two schools were, rain water was used. The rain water was pretty good during the winter months. But during the summer the water had a tendency to get slimy and sometimes it had wiggle tails in it, later to become mosquitoes. Also, there were the out-houses behind the houses, and pots under the beds. Our out-house was in the back of the woodshed and over the river.

At the homes it was part of the daily chores to gather up all the kerosene lamps in the house, take off the glass chimneys and wash them, trim the wicks, and fill them. Kerosene for the homes was bought either by the gallon in gallon cans, by the five gallon cans, or in our family's case it was bought by the drum.

My father in those days also bought flour by the barrel or four sacks; sugar in one hundred pound sacks; molasses in fifteen gallon cans bound on the outside with about one-eighth inch thick veneer and bound with wire; and coffee beans in one hundred pound sacks and lard in twenty-five pound cans. As the years passed, the quantities were reduced. Nearly all the vegetables and meat were raised. Three cows were kept to supply us.

Before the Warrens arrived in Warrenton, there was a place located up the Skipanon River in a general area where the Warrenton High School is now located called "Lexington."

After Lexington died as a town, everything south of Warrenton to Gearhart was called "Clatsop."

At first there was a town hall in the old Lexington area about a block north of the Warrenton junction. This was built as town hall for the town of Clatsop. Later it was torn down by a man by the name of Bowers, who owned the property at Sunset Lake.

A block or so north of this old town hall and near the river bank was an old inn or hotel. Later this building was the home of John Ohl and he named it the "Ohl Folks Home." It was built by D. E. Pease.



"Sigurdson's Landing" (1909)

Just south and across the road was the Wirt store. And east of the Wirt store was a place where boats used to land called "Pease's Landing."

I believe this little settlement, including the old McEwen place further up the river, were remnants of the old town of Lexington. There used to be a trail that ran near the McEwen place through the woods and over to the Lewis & Clark River. Also, there used to be an old corduroy logging road that ran east of the present 101 Skipanon Highway bridge easterly to what is now the aluminum plant site.

My father had his boat dock and freight warehouse alongside of our house during the time the "Teddy Roosevelt" was running.



Anna and Runa Sigurdson, sisters of the author

One time when Ed Thomas picked up a load of freight from the dock to deliver, I started to climb on the back of the wagon as he left. My father called to me to get off, but I still tried to climb on. He took after me and I jumped off the wagon and ran around the house. I think we went around the house about twice when he tripped and fell down. I looked around and laughed, but this did not improve the situation any. He cut through the house and caught me as I was coming around. It so happened there were a number of clam diggers weighing up clams at the

cannery on that side of the house. And he licked me in front of all those clam diggers.

On a Sunday we got up early in the morning and loaded a picnic lunch on the wagon. We drove to Seaside, had our picnic lunch, and enjoyed ourselves for a couple of hours and it was then time to start home.

When a person traveled by wagon, he could watch a man cut wood alongside his house for several minutes. Now when traveling by car, a person is lucky if he can even see the man by his house. Minutes now turn to seconds while traveling.

In 1909 my father canned about one thousand cases of clams. He ran his boat the "Teddy Roosevelt" to Astoria, Chinook, Ilwaco, and Hammond and bought a horse named "Pete" to deliver the freight in Hammond. Alex ran the "Occident," a boat which towed seine on the seining grounds on Sand Island for Columbia River Packers Association during the summer. The horse "Pete" was purchased from John Lamb.

The River Boats

It was quite a sight in Astoria in the evening to see probably a thousand sailboats going out on the river to fish their gillnets. It was somewhere around 1909 when the boats were changing over to gas engines instead of sails.

In 1910 my father canned about two thousand cans of clams in the spring.

My brother, Robert L., was born April 1st. My father sold the horse "Pete" and bought a mare, buggy and truck in Seaside.

He started running the "Teddy Roosevelt" to Olney in July and sold the boat to brother Alex in September. Alex continued the run from Olney to Astoria and back for eight years until a highway was started. My father bought a six-oar racing rowboat in Portland and bought a launch, the "Irene," from Cummings in Astoria. He then built a cabin on the "Irene." He bought a small cannery from Gor for

one hundred dollars.

My sister Anna graduated from Astoria High School, and in the fall taught in the Skipanon School which was located by where Bud Colby's gas station is now located.

At that time the towns were Warrenton, Skipanon, Clatsop, and Gearhart. The town of Lexington had for some time been discontinued.

Ross Higgins' warehouse in Astoria burned and was rebuilt in 1910.

Our mother used to take us many times a year to Astoria mostly to buy us shoes.

I remember at times she would visit friends there while waiting for the train. It was quite a novelty for us when we saw our first modern plumbing. The tank was up high and to flush the toilet we pulled the chain. So we went to the toilet quite often while in Astoria so we could pull the chain.

My father thought buying shoes so often was too expensive, so he sent away for aluminum shoes. These shoes were of cast aluminum soles with toe cap, heel guard and sides up about one inch above the sole. Then the upper part above that was leather.

It was quite embarrassing for us kids to wear those aluminum shoes with the clonk sound at every step. Kids



Bill and Runa at Columbia Beach



"Teddy Roosevelt" near the old swimming hole

and grownups alike seemed to get a kick out of hearing the clonks.

However, we had some consolation in the fact that our feet were fortified to the effect that we could kick most anything without bodily injury to ourselves. We kicked fence posts, rocks, trees or anything else that tempted us. Finally, one of our shoes broke right through the instep. After this discovery, our kicking became more intense until we had all the pairs of aluminum shoes out of commission. We were back to leather shoes and happy again.

My father had payday the first of each month. The cannery crew and clam diggers lined up for their turn to get their checks and my father figured each one as their turn came. One time, after watching these people get all this money, I decided to ask my dad for a job in the cannery.

He told me I could have a job shelling clams for a penny an hour, but I would have to keep track of my own time. That following month, I worked from half an hour to two hours at a time for a total of thirty hours. When payday came, I proudly got in line for my check. I gave him all the dope and showed him the record I had kept for the 30 cents. He told me that he had forgotten about it. And instead of writing me a check, he gave me 30 cents from his pocket.

Later he explained about all the free board and room and clothing, etc., and provided me with plenty of work with no pay. So I had to shell clams on Saturdays and during the summer whenever the cannery was running. When I first started shelling clams, I had to stand on a box because the shelling table was so high for me.

Just before my parents and family moved to Warrenton, I think it was in 1897, he fished with an old Iclander who had spent most of his life on sailing vessels. He was known by those who knew him as "Black Johnson."

When I was quite small, he used to come from Astoria to our home on Sundays about every two months. He always had a sack of hard candy in his pocket for us kids and stayed for Sunday dinner with us. Nearly every time before he caught the train back to Astoria, he would ask my father if he could loan him ten dollars, as the big steamers had cut up his net. I do not ever remember my father refusing him, nor do I ever have any knowledge of him ever paying back any of those loans.

During the 1910-1911 school term, my sister Anna taught in the Skipanon School with a total of forty-seven students, first through the eighth grades all in one room. Years later, she wrote down the names of the students she remembered. A total of twenty-seven, as follows: Ethel Saunders, Hazel Saunders, Doris Saunders, Vernold Saunders, May Saunders, Arthur Tucker, Albert Tucker, Olive Tucker, Emmett Tucker, Henry Smith, Sidney Smith, Alice Smith, Fred Hurlbutt, Max Hurlbutt, Altena Howard, Edgar Smith, Carrie Abbott, Eva Harmon, Violet Hagbloom, Bessie Chadwick, Joe Burton, Carmen Billingsley, Florence Tagg, Percy Springgay, Fred Sullivan, Clarence Sullivan and Arthur Sullivan.

While my sister Anna was teaching school at Skipanon, we were given permission on Memorial Day to spend the day at the Skipanon School. My sister had invited an old Civil War veteran to give a talk. His name was Robert A. Abbott. He arrived at the school a little under the weather. He told of trying to enlist in the Army when he was fifteen and the Army men would tell him to "Go way back and sit down." And each time he repeated it, he would gesture



Eva Schmidt, Runa Sigurdson, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Richardson

with his arm. The story goes that finally he lied about his age and was accepted. Then when he got into the first battle, he wished he were home with mother.

Later in the day, we went to Ocean View Cemetery and took in the Memorial services there. At that time it seems to me there were about twenty Civil War veterans in the area. Most of them were pretty heavy drinkers. A lot of the battles were re-fought in the Elk Saloon. Sometimes it got pretty hot as a few of them were in the Southern Army.

Abbott Lake was named after Bob Abbott as he trapped beaver in that lake when he first came out west. He told me he remembered the first scotch broom and first wild blackberry when it got started in the area. Bob Abbott's son, also Bob, was either killed or murdered in the center of Warrenton by the railroad track. His daughter, Blanche, married Starr Smith. There was another daughter, Carrie, and two sons, Charlie and Fred.

George Schmidt came to Warrenton as a planerman in the mill. He married Eva Parker. Eva Parker's mother was the daughter of Mrs. D. E. Pease. D. E. Pease was the man who homesteaded the area around Lexington and where the Warrenton High School is now.

Later George Schmidt built a house across Main Street from where we lived. This house is now occupied by Amelia Bosshart and her sister Anna Tetlow.

When George Schmidt lived there, he had his wife, Eva his wife's mother, Mrs. Parker; and Mrs. Parker's mother, Mrs. D. E. Pease, also. Mrs. Pease was around ninety when they were living there. She was in a wheelchair and they used to wheel her out on the front porch during nice weather. Later George built an alder sawmill on the east side of the Skipanon across from Kelley's mill. He tried to raft the alder logs but a lot of them floated so low that they floated out underneath the raft and got away. Later, George built a larger sawmill on Cullaby Lake. At one time, I had a job running the boat "Seabug" for him, taking the loggers to work up the lake, and towing logs to the mill, and bringing the loggers back at the end of the day. The loggers pulled logs down the hill, and when they tried to push the logs into the lake, they would disappear into the marshy ground alongside the lake. As they went out of sight, they were on end.

After that, they quit logging and shut down the mill. That mill was started shortly after World War I.

George Schmidt was mayor of Warrenton around that time.

George Schmidt bought one of the first automobiles in Warrenton. I think it was the third car in Warrenton. His car was a Reo five-passenger. We kids were just drooling to ride in his Reo. I guess he must have sensed it because



The "Green" boat at the old swimmin' hole (1912)

one day he called to us saying, "Come on, Billy, and the smaller boys, let's go for a ride."

It is almost impossible for kids nowadays to get such a sensation in an automobile, as nowadays they are put in cars shortly after they are born.

George Schmidt later moved to California and started a lumber yard there, where he was quite successful. Around Warrenton his operations did not pay off very well.

While we were going to school in the little school, we had to hold up one or two fingers to get permission to go to the restroom. Sometimes we would hold up two fingers, as that would allow us more time. The restrooms were over the slough in the school woodshed. We would put our fish-line down the hole and fish for carp. But if we stayed too long the teacher would come out and catch us not tending to business.

Sometimes, instead of going straight home, we would go past the slough called the "Chinese Sea." This slough is now filled in and the Seppa Dairy Ice Cream place is there. The tidebox under the road drained the Chinese Sea to the Skipanon River. And at this spot we had good luck catching crawfish. However, the teacher sometimes came by and sent us home.

The games we played consisted of marbles, snap the whip, blackman, ante over, baseball, shinney, peg, leapfrog, and mumble peg.

One time a lot of kids from the big school were at the head of the whip, and the small kids were on the tail end. My brother Henry was on the tail end. They all ran toward the slough. Then the big kids acted as anchors and snapped the little kids. Henry flew through the air and landed out in the middle of the slough.

The slough, called the "Japanese" or "Chinese" Sea was given that name because three railroad section houses were near it and housed Chinese or Japanese section hands. However, later, the railroad put in a crew of Japanese section workers and people began calling it the Japanese Sea. This slough, located in the center of town, was around eighty or one hundred feet wide. Seppa Dairy now stands over the

spot, as that area was filled in shortly after World War I by the dredge "Natoma."

Getting back to the green boat that our father bought. He bought it in Portland, but I do not know how he got it home. It was long and narrow. It had three pairs of oars with the oarlocks set out on brackets about eight inches beyond the sides of the boat. In the stern was a comfortable seat. The rudder was operated by two ropes, similar to the lines while driving a horse, except the lines ran behind you. The blades of the oars were spoon shaped. This boat made good speed when fully manned. However, it was built very light, so after a few years it started coming apart, and as the planks were lapped it was very hard to repair.

On the east side of the Skipanon River, sometimes after a heavy rain and when lots of holes were made by muskrats in the dikes, there would be dike trouble on extreme high tides and the dike would break. Evidently, Phinley Warren did not build his dikes as solidly as his brother on the west side.

This was a lot of fun for the kids as they would get in boats and go through the broken place. They called it the "shoot the shoots." My older brothers participated in this.



A flooded home—result of a broken dike

As time went on, the diking system was taken over by the City of Warrenton and improved year by year.

One winter I had nine muskrat traps and I trapped in Hills' slough on the east side of town. After setting the traps in the evening, mostly on boards floating and carrots for bait, I ran the traps the next morning and again that evening and caught a total of sixteen muskrats from the nine traps in the one day. I doubt if anyone had ever beaten that record for such few traps in one day. Then there was the job of skinning them and stretching the pelts on boards to dry. Later we shipped the pelts to Funsten Bros. in St. Louis. In those days you could many times see half a dozen swimming at a time. The hides sold for 10 cents and 25 cents each at that time.

Hallowe'en Pranks

One Hallowe'en, when I was still in the little school, the kids in the big school got a block of wood just the right size to drop down the chimney of the big school. Then to make it hard to get the block out, they poured sawdust down on top of the block. When the school janitor, William Townsend, built a fire in the stove the next morning, all he got was smoke.

Joseph T. Lee was teacher at that time. He had to excuse the kids from school. But he found out who the kids were that blocked the chimney and gave them the job to get the block out.

From the little school we watched them working in the pouring down rain getting ladders, etc. Finally, they hired William Hardie to get the block out. He worked a pike pole through the sawdust and drove it into the block, thereby splitting it. Then he drove the pike pole into each half and worked it up through the sawdust. Then he took the stove pipe off inside and got the sawdust out.

One Hallowe'en we took the clapper out of the school bell from the big school and tied a long rope on it. We would swing the clapper up on the roof of a house and run,



Warrenton School (1910)

dragging the clapper behind. At one place there were two old men who built a two story building. The lower floor was a bakery and they lived in the upper floor. The sides of the building were made of lap cedar siding.

We swung the clapper for the roof, but it did not go high enough. It hit the cedar siding and broke through. The men came out after us and we ran, but could not pull the clapper out through the hole; so we had to leave rope and all.

We also used to throw wheat on windows on Hallowe'en. We took wood thread spools and cut notches all around the rim. Then we put a large nail through it and wound a string around it. We would put it up to a window and pull the string, making a loud noise. We called it a "tic tack."

We also took off gates and tipped over outhouses. Once, one of the outhouses had gone over several Hallowe'ens in succession so the owner decided to put a stop to it. He stationed himself inside and waited for the kids to arrive.

We were so quiet getting up to the place, that we had it tipped over before he knew we were around. He let out

a yell as it went over. However, we did not stick around to see what he wanted.

One year, Ed Thomas locked his wagons up in the Warrenton Lumber Company mill yard. The fence was about twelve feet high. Besides the mill had a night watchman. Ed relaxed while some of the older kids climbed over the fence, took the wagon apart, passed the parts over the fence and put it together on the other side. This was all done while the night watchman was making his rounds at the other end of the mill.

The next day, Ed found his wagon at the other end of town. One time the same process was used to put a wagon on top of the city jail.

One Hallowe'en a man by the name of Sprague had his light buggy locked up in his barn. A number of kids got the door of the barn open and started down the road with the buggy. They never thought much of the hay in the bed of the buggy, but Mr. Sprague was under that hay. After they went a couple of blocks, they heard Mr. Sprague's voice say, "Well, boys, it was a nice ride. Now you can take me home." They looked around and there was Mr. Sprague sitting on the seat.

In those days we never heard of "Trick or Treat." It was mostly trick, and on rare occasions we were invited in for a treat. However, we never did ask for it.

My brother Henry and I were near the same size when we were small and a lot of people thought we were twins. So quite often when we went downtown together, the young fellows would promote a fight between us. About all they had to do was to tell one of us that the other could lick him. It usually worked and the one that licked was the one they all rooted for. This was also true with our older brothers when we put on boxing gloves. The boxing gloves were fine while they were new, but after lying in the rain and drying out a few times, I believe they were harder on us than our bare fists.

One day at home Henry and I got into an argument as to who could really lick the other when no one was around.

We decided to get up in the hayloft in the barn by ourselves and settle it once and for all. We put on the boxing

gloves and were ready to fight when I noticed an opportunity. The door where the hay came into the hay loft had been open all winter and an area of about ten feet in diameter was wet and slippery from the rains. Henry stood on this slick spot and I stood on the dry spot. Each time I hit him, his feet slipped out from under him and he landed on his back. This was repeated about five times until he decided it was enough. I told him about it about twenty years later.

Our swimming hole was located on the end of what used to be Fifth Street, now 3rd Street, on the upriver side of where the log dump is now located. On the bank we had rigged a springboard and for high diving we climbed up a spruce tree that hung over the river. This swimming hole was pretty well protected from the wind. So when we got tired of swimming, we would lay in the sand.

Just upriver from the swimming hole, at low tide, was a place where mud had settled. We would run and drop on our stomachs and slide fifty or sixty feet. We changed our clothes in the woods by the swimming hole. Most of us wore old overalls with the legs cut short for trunks. After swimming was over sometimes we would play baseball. On other occasions, we would choose up sides and fight a battle with spruce burrs and sand clods. These sand clods at times were quite punishing and we were not always too anxious to fight. It seemed that Gerald Malarkey, who the Warrenton American Legion Post is named after, would stand the



Upper grades of Warrenton School—about 1912

rest of us alone if we were not willing to choose up sides.

Gerald Malarkey was later killed in France during World War I.

One day when we had chosen up sides pretty evenly and were battling away, someone picked up a dried cow-pile. In those days the cows ran at large. This led to worse, and someone picked up one that was not too dry. It left a brown stain where it hit. Things went from worse to worse until finally we were scooping our hands into the freshest ones we could find and smearing each other from end to end. You can imagine what happened when we went home in that condition.

Haley's Comet — 1910

It was the year 1910 when Haley's Comet arrived. As I remember this comet was seen with the naked eye for about five days. The first night it was an ordinary star with a tail. Each successive night the comet was larger than the previous night.

One night when the comet was quite large and exciting, I had gone to bed and asleep. The family tried to awaken me to see the comet, but I told them to leave me alone.

The next morning they were all talking about it and I asked them why they did not let me know. I was so sleepy I did not know they were trying to awaken me.

However, I believe it was the next day early in the evening the comet was seen nearly straight up and a little to the north. It traveled in a west-southwest direction and was about the size of the moon. It took about twenty or twenty-five minutes for it to get over the horizon. At the time it set on the horizon, the tail was so long it still extended straight up.

I believe this comet was the greatest phenomenon that has ever happened during this century in the heavens. This comet goes by every seventy-five years. So those who are alive in 1985 will really have a sight worth seeing.



A Thanksgiving gathering with the Sigurdson family—about 1919

In 1911, my father canned about three thousand cases of clams.

He bought the launch “Eva.”

One time, my father towed a pile driver in the Columbia River for Leander Lebeck. He was instructed to tow it to a certain dolphin and tie it up there. He tied it up to the dolphin with the lines that were on the pile driver. During the night, a storm came up. The pile driver broke loose and turned over. This resulted in a law suit. The job was supposed to be for fifteen dollars. The law suit was settled against my father and he had to pay two hundred fifty dollars damages.

Brother Alex ran the “Teddy Roosevelt” to Ilwaco during the summer, and my brother Fred ran the “Eva” to Olney. My sister Anna taught school in Olney and later in Svensen.

Both the sawmills in Warrenton were closed.

Charles Deane of Warrenton had three gasoline powered boats which hauled freight up and down the coast, stopping in the different ports. As partners he had his brother Will and Mays. They had the “Oshkosh,” “Patsy” and “Gerald C.”

One day the “Oshkosh” missed the Columbia River entrance and wrecked just south of the South Jetty of the

Columbia River. The breakers turned the boat upside down and the Captain Will Deane, brother of Charles, was drowned. Mays, in the engine room used an axe and chopped a hole through the bottom of the boat and escaped.

During the summer, we worked in the clams all day at times and had clams left to start on in the morning. At other times we would start canning when the first clam diggers came in the morning. And work until we cleaned up the clams from the last clam digger. If we would get through early enough, we would go swimming.

It would happen frequently that just as we were about finished, another clam digger would come in. This was quite aggravating to us, and we would give the clam digger a good bawling out. Usually, he got quite a kick out of it.

One time, when we were shelling clams, my brother George told us he could swing a bucket of water over his head without spilling a drop. We were so sceptical he decided to show us. So he picked up a bucket of clam nectar and started swinging it back and forth. We held our breaths as he did not notice the pipe overhead. All of a sudden, he swung it over and hit the pipe. The result was a bucket of clam nectar all over him.

Sometimes when no one was looking, Henry would slip out on the dock and fish. It seemed he fished at every opportunity. But after awhile he would be noticed and would be back to work. The fish caught were suckers or white fish, bullheads and carp. At certain times of the year a lot of tom cod ran near the mouth of the river in large numbers.

When we got the opportunity we would get a ride to the beach with a clam digger. We would dig a few dozen clams and when we got home we would peddle them from house to house for ten cents a dozen. Our older brothers suggested we might get fifteen cents a dozen. We raised the price and sold them for fifteen cents a dozen after that.

Sometimes we would ride out to the beach with clam diggers and pick up their clams as they dug them and put them in boxes. Our compensation was usually about ten cents apiece for that.

I remember when my father bought clams from the clam diggers for \$1.25 per hundred pounds.

Later Coniff and Sprague started canning, and competition brought the price up to \$1.60 per hundred pounds. As time went on, all prices including clams continued to raise.

Once we walked out to the beach and pulled our little wagon. The wheels of the wagon pulled very hard in the soft sand, and in some places it was as easy to carry our load. However, we dug clams and also got a number of crabs. We peddled the clams but we cooked the crabs in a copper wash boiler. One time we brought so many crabs home that I ate so many that I did not want another crab for a year.

In 1911 Astoria celebrated its one hundredth year. My sisters Anna and Runa were very anxious to go to the Centennial. It was their responsibility to take brother Henry and me. Henry and I did not have very decent clothes, so our sisters made us each a suit. They got us real wide brim straw hats that we did not like. My memory of the celebration was an interesting night parade with a lot of Indians in costume. Also, a lot of very dry and boring speeches.

We had to wear those clothes until they wore out, but we did not enjoy them.

The fourth graders consisted of Emelia (Millie) Boss-hart, Frances Hagbloom and myself. The school used to have programs on Fridays. Mrs. O. H. Byland, our teacher, in behalf of the fourth grade, challenged the big school to a spelling contest. This was the fifth, sixth, seventh, and the eighth grades.

We went over to the big school, and the three of us lined up on one side of the schoolhouse while the others crowded over on the other side.

I believe about one-fourth of the big school kids went down when Frances went down. Millie stayed up until all of them were down. Then the teachers looked and looked for the hardest words they could find, but they were unable to find a word that she could not spell.

In the fall of 1911, Nellie Peppers, who later married my brother Fred, taught the little school while Mr. J. T. Lee taught the big school.

I was in the fifth grade then with Mr. Lee.

My father had a surplus basket or guard that was intended to be put around the propeller of gillnet fishing boats to prevent nets from getting into the propeller. This guard was made of three-eighths inch rods that were flattened and pointed and riveted to the frame. The old rivets were pretty well rusted out, so we pried the rods off and found that they made good spears. We speared such things as fence posts and trees. However, our father did not take too kindly to the situation, so he took one of the spears away from us and gave each of us a licking with it.

One Christmas our brother Alex gave three of us brothers a Daisy air rifle and a total of five pounds of B.B. shot. I think we shot at almost everything we saw. But the most fun was when we took turns running from the garden gate to inside the barn while the others peppered him with B.B. shot. We held our coats up to protect our head. We were far enough away so the shot did not penetrate the skin, but left a small bruised spot.

At one time my brothers and I got the impression that all the streets and alleys were public property and did not belong to anyone.

We noticed a lot of 2 x 12 planks in an alley near the swimming hole that had been placed without them being nailed down. So we got our wagon and proceeded to load them and haul them over to the river to build a raft. After we got two or three of them on the wagon and started for the river, Mrs. Whiting saw us and asked us to put the planks back. We informed her that nobody owned them and they did not belong to her. So we would not take them back.

She said she was going to call our folks. So we left the planks and put our ears to a telephone pole. We did not hear any buzzing so assumed she was just bluffing. So we started gathering up the planks again. Just then we saw brother Gunnar coming our way. He had us put the planks back in shape and go home. We were restricted from leaving the yard for sometime. We were also taught that regardless of any owner if we did not own it to leave it alone.

Mrs. Whiting happened to be the mother of Bill Ipark,

whom I pushed overboard when they were building the dock by the house.

Some time after my father bought the "Teddy Roosevelt," my oldest brothers were working at building a dock alongside the house. We smaller kids were in a skiff by the shore. Bill Ipark, a kid much larger than me got into the skiff. I told him to get out of the skiff. That he did not have any business in it. He never paid any attention to me so I gave him a little push. I did not expect it, but he lost his balance and fell overboard. He could not swim, so my older brothers pulled him out.

My mother picked up a root and gave me a licking. Then she took him in the house and let him put on brother Bill's dry clothes.

I felt sorry about it as I had not intended to put him overboard in the first place. So when he went home, I went with him. On his way home his dog was at a distance, but due to the change of clothes, it did not recognize him.

We had some neighbors about a block up the street—Ted and Maude Prince. Ted got drunk quite often. One day, Maude told Ted that if he went downtown and got drunk she was going to kill herself. He left for town, and later she found out he was drunk so she took the rifle and tried to shoot herself in the heart. She missed and shot herself in the shoulder.

There was a lot of excitement, as there was no doctor in Warrenton. So they got a cot for a stretcher and bundled her up and put her on the "Teddy Roosevelt" and took her to the hospital in Astoria. This sobered Ted up to some extent. She recovered in good shape.

We also had the McComises for neighbors. Mr. and Mrs. McComis and their son, Stanley. They had a tent set up in our yard in the horse pasture. We visited back and forth a lot.

One day, our father gave us one of his old calendars. We had it on the floor and with scissors were cutting out the numbers. Stanley was with us. Our attention went to something else. And when we returned to cut out numbers, both Stanley and the calendar were gone. Henry and I went over to Stanley's tent, and there he was cutting out the

numbers. We watched until he turned his back and we grabbed the calendar and numbers and ran for home. Stanley grabbed the butcher knife and took out after us. Just as we were going through the rail fence he let fly with the butcher knife and it hit the rail just above my head.

Not long after that they moved to Anacortes, Washington, and that was the last I saw of them for thirty years.

Thirty years later, I was selling canned goods to stores in the Puget Sound area. I stopped at Mrs. McComis' store and made a sale. After signing my name to the sales slip, she asked me if I was one of the Sigurdsons from Warrenton.

We talked about old times, and I inquired about Stanley.

She told me he was with the Indian service in Oklahoma and was home on vacation. In fact, he was just getting out of the car. He came in and she told him who I was. So we shook hands. He was about 6'2", and about two hundred pounds.

I asked him if he remembered chasing me home with the butcher knife. He told me he did not remember that, but showed me a scar near his eye and said he did not remember which one; but one of us hit him there with an axe.

We used to ride boats up and down the Skipanon River. At low tide in places there were pools where crawfish and small fish were plentiful. The crawfish were found under roots and pieces of bark, etc.

About half a mile up the river was an island of probably an acre. The island was called "Gasaway Island." That was because years earlier a group of young fellows including a fellow by the name of Gasaway took a boat and were walking around on the island. When Gasaway was not looking, they all ran and got in the boat and left him. He stayed on the island for several hours until the tide was out and then waded ashore.

I had an experience a little similar.

Brothers Bill, George, Henry, and I were in the black skiff. Bill was steering in the stern while George and Henry were rowing. I sat in the bow dragging my hand in the water. Bill told me to keep my hand out of the water and

I did not mind him. There was an island of about two acres down the river nearly to Kelley's mill. Bill put me off on this island and then they went home. About a half mile up the river.

I was able to swim at that time, so I sized up the situation. I figured I could hardly find enough wood on the island to make a full sized raft. So I decided to build me a small raft just large enough to hold my clothes; then take off my clothes, put them on the raft and swim the raft across and dress on the other side.

I nearly had the raft completed by criss-crossing the sticks, when I heard the oars of a boat coming down the river. The boys had told about the joke they had pulled on me and it was sister Runa coming to my rescue.

She was quite indignant that they pulled such a trick on me. In fact, I think she felt worse about the situation than I did.

My father had a large skiff about 16 feet long with a tall mast and sail called the "Black" boat. We spent a lot of time in this boat and got to be quite expert at sailing. Especially when it was storming hard from the southwest we would row up the river as in most cases the river was too narrow during a storm to tack. Then we would hoist full sail and make real good speed going down the river by the house.

My mother was quite worried about the boat turning over and drowning us. Usually on these trips, it was George, Henry, Oswald, and I.

After a while my mother could not stand it any longer, so she got brother Gunnar to cut over a third of the mast off and reduce the sail. This was quite a disappointment to us as our speed was just about cut in half. And when the wind was calm it took nearly all the pleasure out of sailing. Anyway, we still used the oars when we wanted to go somewhere.

We had noticed that on the inside of the boat that there were signs of rot. This rot did not go over a quarter of an inch into the planking, but we decided the boat needed to be rebuilt.

We secretly took the boat about a hundred yards up

the river from the house and pulled it ashore where it was hidden by brush. We proceeded to saw down alongside the ribs and sawed all the area out where there was any sign of rot. After that we began to realize that we did not have the boat lumber to rebuild it with and that we were short a lot of know how. Trying to figure out how we could butt new boards together strong enough and so it would not leak was beyond us.

So we abandoned the boat in this sad shape. However, when we were sawing, I remember how we were gloating about how we were going to bring the new rebuilt boat home and surprise the folks.

After a couple of weeks, the boat was missed and that really put us on the spot so we had to confess. My father and older brothers were sure disappointed to see the boat in such a mess.

A little way from where the old boat lay, we decided to build a shack. There were four spruce trees spaced about six feet apart and about six inches in diameter that



Little School—1914

we decided to use for the four posts. We carried over some one inch lumber from a building our father had torn down and filled our pockets with box nails. The nails stuck through the boards about half an inch. As we drove those nails into the trees we found that they would not hold very good. So we just drove more and more nails. I think we drove fifteen or twenty nails in the end of just one board. Then the next time the wind blew very hard the boards would come loose.

One day our father located our shack and found out where all his nails went to.

Sometimes we would go downtown and watch Jake Bosshart, the son of the man who ran the saloon, butcher at Warren's slaughterhouse. He would give us tongues, hearts, etc., that we would take home to eat.

Jake would fix up a portable fence inside the slaughterhouse and run one of the animals in. He would then take his rifle and shoot the animal. Then he would cut its throat and take the portable fence out of the way before he finished butchering it.

Watching those animals get killed was quite disturbing to me. Especially one time when a cow was shot and it fell helplessly. It laid motionless except as I walked around it I could see its eyes following me. It made me feel guilty.

This slaughterhouse was located on the bank of the Skipanon River just to the left or upriver from the driveway from Warren's dock to Warren's house. There was also another driveway that ran North from the old Warrenton Hotel to Warren's dock. And on this dock was the old Warren's Hotel, later called Warren's Hall.

My father canned only about four hundred cases of clams in 1912. He sold the launch "Eva" to my brother Fred who took it to Puget Sound and worked it there, towing, etc., mostly around Anacortes.

My sister Anna taught school in Svensen.

Nellie Peppers taught in the Warrenton little school and Mr. Fertig taught in the big school. I started in the 6th grade.

The Watermelon Spree

Our father had always had the habit of giving each of us kids one dollar to celebrate the Fourth of July. Usually we spent our time in Warrenton or Astoria.

I decided I would like to spend the Fourth in Seaside. I was unable to convince my brothers to go to Seaside, so I decided to go alone.

With my dollar, I first bought a half fare round trip to Seaside. Then I was sure to get home. Then I took in the sights. I bought a ride on the merry-go-round and also ice cream. I felt pretty much alone until I ran across another Warrenton boy, Harold Lyons. We teamed up for the rest of the day. A couple of hours before the train left for Warrenton, we were ready to go back to the depot.

I still had 30 cents so decided to spend it for a watermelon to take home. When we got to the depot, the train had come in so I laid the watermelon on the bench in the waiting room and went out to look the train over. I saw a couple of the train crew watching us from inside the depot and got suspicious. I told Harold those guys looked suspicious, so we had better go in and check on the watermelon. Just as we were going into the depot, three of the train crew were going out. I looked and the watermelon was gone so we decided who got it. The conductor carried a traveling bag that I figured was just the right size to hold my watermelon.

They went up Broadway to about where Roehm's Furniture Store is now. They went upstairs to their apartment and back down to the restaurant below.

I had asked Harold to follow them while I went to find a policeman. I looked all over Broadway, but could not find a policeman anywhere. So I returned to the restaurant where Harold was standing guard. This was the depot restaurant before the big Seaside fire. We stood there and stared through the window at the three men all the time they were eating. Finally they asked the lady who ran the restaurant to go out and ask us what we wanted. I told

her I wanted that watermelon they stole from me. She said these men were too honest to do that. After they ate, they came out and asked how I thought they could steal a watermelon without it being seen. I explained it was in that traveling bag.

So the conductor took me up in his room and showed me in the bag. It was nearly full of tickets and no watermelon.

They agreed to go back to the depot with us and help find the watermelon. All the way to the depot, the conductor lectured me never to accuse anyone of anything unless I could prove it.

When we arrived at the depot, they asked the ticket agent where the watermelon was. He said his assistant had taken it home and explained where he lived—about five blocks north up the track and described the house. In those days there was no Roosevelt Drive.

I got to the house and knocked at the door and demanded my watermelon. He told me to tell them it was in the depot under the ticket window on the inside.

It was not there and they all pretended they were looking. Finally someone rolled it out from under a newspaper by the end of the bench. As I saw that watermelon roll out, I tackled it like it was a football.

I never let go of it until I got home. The next day we all had watermelon. It was well earned as far as I was concerned.

This Seaside episode was prior to the big 1912 fire.

One day during the noon hour while the kids were playing, Glen Roberts had Herbert "Hub" Groh down. Hub could not get up, but he was passing out a lot of foul language. Mr. Skirvin happened along at that time and listened for a while and then took Hub into the schoolhouse. He tried to give Hub a licking, but Hub resisted. The bell rang as usual and as we went into the schoolhouse, they were going at it. They went over desks from one aisle to another. Mr. Skirvin got his watch chain, made of gold nuggets, broken.

After a while, Hub broke loose and ran home. His two brothers, Irwin and Earl, followed. We all kept watching

out the window for about fifteen minutes. Then we saw the three boys coming back. And about a hundred yards behind was the boys' father and Mr. Skirvin. The two finished their conversation outside the school and then Mr. Skirvin came in. He asked each individual if they would promise not to swear on the school ground. Both Herbert and Irwin refused to answer in the affirmative.

He ruled that for two weeks those two had to play in a separate place on the school ground. So we used to get on the other side of the line and play catch with them.

During that same school year a group of about eight of us used to go into the woods after school and play. We set up rules to go by. One of the rules was that if anyone swore they would get a cup of water down their sleeve. One day Hub, who was the one who fought Mr. Skirvin, and being larger than the rest of us, asked if he could join us. We agreed and he started out toward the woods. These were the same woods that were later logged by the Dawson brothers.

We were telling him the rules and mentioned about swearing and the cup of water down the sleeve. He said "By God, nobody is going to put any water down my sleeve."

About that time we all tackled him at the same time, including his two brothers. Some had him by the legs and some had him by the neck, and some got hold of his arms, and we all went down. One of the kids found an old rusty can and filled it with muddy water. He struggled so hard we could not get his arm up so we decided to pour it down his neck. When we released him, he was furious and headed back toward home.

The Rock Fight

We were having a lot of fun playing in the woods when all of a sudden rocks started flying our direction.

He had gotten Fat Skirvin and Glenn Roberts to join him and, they each had newspaper bags full of rocks. We

ran toward home as fast as we could with them chasing us and throwing rocks at us.

Some of us ran right over the railroad track without thinking about the good rock supply there. However, the two Grohs boys and a couple others stopped and picked up rocks there and threw back. When the rest of us looked back and saw this, we all returned to the track. Those three throwing at us backed up so we were a little out of their range as they were larger and could throw further. However, they were on a board sidewalk and our rocks bounced. We were all throwing pretty good sized rocks, so they were more visible to dodge.



Destroying contraband liquor behind the new Warrenton City Hall and jail—about 1917

Les Yuill had a bean shooter. He shot smaller rocks, and they went faster so it worried them more. Once Glenn Roberts sneaked through the swamp grass to get a close up at us. We could see the swamp grass parting and we whispered to each other not to notice him. When he got up pretty close, we all peppered him at once. The battle lasted

about twenty minutes until the three of them ran out of rocks after picking up all they could find on the ground. Then they retreated back to the woods. There were no serious injuries, only a few bruises.

On a trip to the beach I once found a small rock, crinkly like a walnut and very hard. I remember showing it to the other kids and we all remarked how heavy it was. I carried it almost home and as we crossed the railroad track, I threw it at a telegraph pole. Many years later I realized that this rock was a meteor. I decided to see if it was possible to locate it, and found the area had two or three feet of fill over it.

A man came into town to buy spruce burrs for the seed. He made arrangements with my Dad to do the buying on his dock and later to haul the burrs to Astoria.

I believe he offered 80 cents a burlap sack and another dollar a sack if they checked out all right.

Nearly everyone in town gathered the burrs and sold them. Later my father got a letter from this man saying he had lost his shirt and could not pay any more as an awful lot of them had the seeds gone.

During June of each year was the time we had to go out to the beach and pick wild strawberries. Our mother used to put up over one hundred quarts of them each year. Of course we liked to play in the sand hills and on the beach, so our mother used to give us a deadline of so many quarts before the Fourth of July. If we did not meet the deadline, we could not celebrate the Fourth of July. I don't think we ever missed the deadline.

We walked to the beach. Sometimes we took a shortcut through Ocean View Cemetery, then past the old Mission Place, then a footbridge across Neacoxie Creek, then south into Columbia Beach; across the bridge there at outer Neacoxie and onto the sand hills. On our way home we would leave Columbia Beach and go across Smith's Lake at Drilling's Place where there were "No Trespassing" signs. Then we would stop at Drilling's house and ask permission to go through. When he found we had already gone most of the way he would let us go past the house and onto the road.

The Auto Age

My father went to Astoria one day and bought a 1906 Rambler seven passenger car. This was the fourth auto in Warrenton.

One was owned by a man named Woods. His car had high wheels like a buggy drawn by a horse. He sat up high and steered it with a lever. George Warren had a large late model car, and George Schmidt had just gotten him a new Reo.

This car of my father's had a brake lever and the gear shift on the running board. The head lights were of carbide gas. One of the tires had a bad leather casing around it with small steel discs to protect the rubber tire. It was a big thing for those days with two folding chairs behind the front seat to make it a seven passenger car.

The man who brought it parked it on the dock. None of the family had ever driven an automobile, but they had experience running boats. Boats did not have a brake and they coasted until they stopped.

Brother Gunnar got behind the wheel while brother Bill was to work the gear shift as they were going to run it off the dock. They had to back it up first. Henry and I jumped in the back seat.

Gunnar stepped on the clutch and Bill put it in reverse. The car started backing up toward the slip. Bill expected Gunnar to throw out the clutch and Gunnar expected Bill to put it out of gear, so it kept backing. Henry jumped out and I stayed in.

The car backed over and down the slip and into the side of the cannery warehouse and it could go no further.

There was a lot of argument about who was at fault. They got jacks and blocks and got the car out with no particular damage.

Main Street, in front of the house, was made of planks all the way downtown and down toward Hammond. The wagons had been hauling rock from the dock downtown and

were rocking the dirt road south of Warrenton. In this process, some of the rocks fell from the wagons to the plank road.

Henry and I worked our way downtown picking up all the rocks that were on the plank road so they would not hurt our tires.

The next time brother Fred took the car and went toward town, Henry and I jumped in again. He went through town across the bridge and toward Astoria. When he got on the gravel road past Judge Evender's house, he opened her up to about forty miles an hour. There was a lot of play in the steering wheel and we started to swerve on the loose gravel. The car zig-zagged back and forth, and by the time he got it stopped, we were nearly crosswise in the road. Everything was fine when he slowed down.

My father bought the car with the intention of making it into a truck, but mother would not let him.

Gunnar was going with a girl named Kate McKinney. Quite often on Saturdays he would take her to a dance in Seaside.

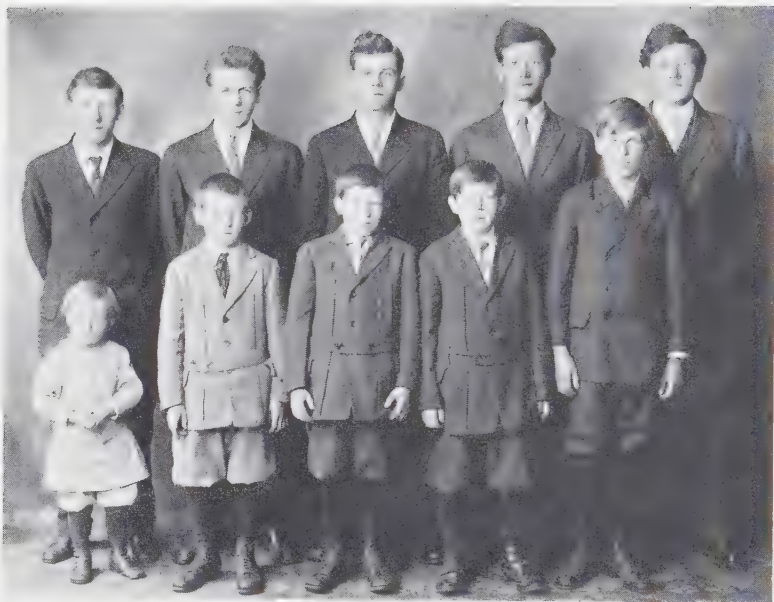
There was a real bad mud hole at Carahan, by where the road goes to Cullaby Lake. On at least two occasions, Gunnar and Kate got the old Rambler stuck in this mudhole and while trying to get out, tore the gears out. Replacing new gears at that time cost forty dollars, which was all a person could make in two weeks. Instead of tow trucks, a team of horses brought the car home.

Years ago there used to be twelve hour days, but by then I believe a ten hour day was normal.

A number of years later that old Rambler was finally converted into a truck to haul clams.

One Christmas we were given a small steam donkey engine about a foot high. It was built like the real ones which were used to log with in the woods. It had an alcohol lamp underneath to make steam and had a whistle and regular donkey drums. We used to fire it up and pull sticks of stovewood across the floor. This was our pride and joy for a few years, until Les Yuill moved into town.

After Les Yuill arrived and went through our initiation, showing us how good he could fight and wrestle, he was



The Sigurdson brothers—about 1914

made one of the gang.

He showed us his twenty-two rifle without a front sight and his old twenty-two revolver and started talking trade. We got the guns and he got the steam donkey, some books, and just about everything else we had. Then we went after larger game.

I took the rifle to my father's tool room and put it in a vise. Then I fired the rifle and made a front sight out of lead, hammered into shape, so it would point to the spot where the bullet hit the wall. After finishing the sight, I went out on the dock and hit a small block of wood on the other side of the river. Later, the lead sight would get knocked out of place going through the brush and it was hard to keep it in place.

Another trouble was that the firing pin was so short that the rimfire shell sometimes would not fire.

Once I had a shell that I could not fire, so I decided to take the powder out. I went to the grindstone and decided to grind the copper shell thin and then pick it open

with a pocket knife. However, suddenly the shell exploded. I never was able to find the parts of the exploded shell. But I had the skin from a thumb and two fingers torn up a bit.

I realized how foolish I had been, so I used my handkerchief to wrap it up and kept my hand in my pocket as much as possible.

I do not remember being found out about it before it healed.

As time went on more people gradually got automobiles. Warren Lester got an Elcar. Some of the most expensive cars were Steamers. But I don't believe anyone in Warrenton had one. There were several in Astoria, and I believe one was owned by Dr. Henderson. Two models were on the market. The Stanley Steamer and the White Steamer. Both worked on the same principle. There was a burner under a small high pressure boiler. The burner would heat the boiler hot, similar to an oven. And, as more steam was required water would be fed into the boiler which turned to steam on contact. It seemed to be very silent, powerful, and efficient operation.

However, there was one very bad feature. It seemed in most cases at one time or another the driver would run the steamer into a garage and forget to shut off the burner. The result was that the boiler got hotter and hotter until the car caught on fire and burned up.

We kids were quite excited once when we saw a steamer that was hand built. It was a wagon that had a small upright steam boiler mounted on it. Also a steam engine and gears rigged to drive the axle. With this contraption, a barrel of water and wood for the boiler, there was not much room for the two men who ran it.

We could easily run and catch up with it. And when they came to a hill, they had to wait a little while to get up enough steam.

One day Seaside caught fire. It burned Broadway from one end to the other. They sent a call for help to Portland.

I remember the train going through Warrenton with the Portland fire equipment loaded on flat cars. However, by the time they got there the main part of the town had burned.

When I was small, I remember the railroad was the Astoria and Columbia River Railroad. Later it was the Spokane, Portland, and Seattle Railroad.

There were lots of railroad stops in those days. After a person boarded the train at the Astoria depot, the first stop was at Twelfth Street. Then the next stop was across Youngs Bay to Meriweather. Later on there was a stop at the Port Docks, but not in the early days. After Meriweather came Sunnymeade. Then came Warrenton, then Skipanon, then Morrison, then Carnahan, then West, the Clatsop, then Del Rey Beach, then Gearhart, then Wahanna, then Surf, then Seaside, and Holladay last. Beyond Holladay the train went around the wye and turned around for the return trip. The Del Rey Beach waiting stop was marked "Butterfield."

A lot of these stops were discontinued after those who granted the right of ways died off. As a lot of the right of ways were drawn up in such a way that the grantor was given free passage on the train as long as he lived. And the train would stop at his place when requested.

Once when Joshua West was still alive, the railroad notified him his stop would be discontinued. He forced them to continue the stop as that was part of the right of way agreement he had made with them.

Wild Stories

During the early days when Jake Bosshart, Sr., ran the Elk Saloon, people would congregate there, have their drinks and have a lot of conversation. Some funny stories came from the saloon that circulated all over town.

Another place of conversation was the post office where people watched the train come in and then waited for the mail to be distributed.

Stories quite often circulated whether they were true or not.

One story that circulated started in the saloon. It was told around that the Astoria banks were having a hard time and no one could withdraw from their account more than

one hundred dollars in any one day. Jake, Sr., the bartender, heard it and decided to do something about it right away.

So he took the Astoria and Columbia River Railway train to Astoria and went into the bank. The teller, Chas. Higgins, greeted him as usual and wanted to know what he could do for him.

Jake was excited and demanded all his money right now.

The teller asked him how he wanted it. Jake said, "Can I get it all?" and was assured he could. So Jake said, "If I can get it, I don't want it. But if I can't, I want it all right now."

Another story was about a trip on the train. In those days you could either buy your ticket at the depot or pay the conductor on the train.

Mr. V. H. Coffee got on the train for Astoria, and when the conductor came for tickets, Coffee felt for his pocketbook and found he had left it at home. He tried to explain it to the conductor, but the conductor stopped the train and kicked him off. Just then one of the passengers named Drilling shouted at Coffee, "Limp, Coffee, limp."

Another story originated around the post office. A man by the name of E. P. Smiley, who lived in Seaside, was half owner of the Smiley Lampert Lumber Company. This was



Warrenton Public School—the author finished the eighth grade here

the mill that was located where the Warrenton Mooring Basin is at present. The mill had been shut down for years, but every day Smiley came to Warrenton; checked the mail, and read the trade magazines and newspapers.

My father and Smiley used to get into discussions at the post office nearly every day—quite often arguments over politics. One day Smiley said to my Dad, "Cap, how is it that you have twelve children and I have none? Can you give me the secret?"

My dad started out by saying, "Well, Mr. Smiley, when you leave home, ask your wife to take it easy. That night take her out to a good steak dinner. Then both of you take a good hot bath before bedtime."

Then there was a long silence until finally Smiley asked, "What then?" My Dad answered "Then call on me."

In those early days there were a number of old Civil War veterans that frequented the saloon. Some fought on the north side and some fought for the south. When they got to drinking, they went back to the Civil War days and sometimes they got into some pretty hot arguments. I have heard a couple of those stories, but do not believe they are fit to print.

During the time my father ran the "Teddy Roosevelt" to Astoria, the train also ran. I believe most of the passengers that rode the boat were those who lived in the south end of town near the boat dock and did not want to walk all the way to the train depot. Also, I think my father's rates were cheaper.

The Dawson brothers, Gladstone, Ernest, Al and Seymour, came to Warrenton to log the hill by Wallingford's home on the west side of town. They brought a steam donkey that I believe was used for both yarding and loading. When the logs were brought up close to the donkey, they were loaded onto a large wagon and four horses pulled the wagon to the Skipanon River where the logs were put into the water and rafted.

Every day after school, we went over and watched the operation. Seymour was the youngest and was learning to be a faller. The older brothers did not hesitate to tell him

when he did not pull his end of the saw right.

Experienced loggers knew that if a certain fungus grew on trees the wood would be of cull quality. I believe this fungus was called "konk."

At any rate, one of them spied one of these on a tree and quite an argument ensued as the other could not see it. Finally the argument ended and they went back to work after cutting down the tree.

This hill now has a nice residential area on it. And is located north of the Warrenton Grade School a few blocks.

William C. Hardie, at the time the Peter Iredale was wrecked—and I do not know how much sooner, was in the drayage business. He at first had horses and later had a team of mules.

He used to make a trip to Astoria daily. He would take what freight anyone shipped over and bring freight back. His mules got in the habit of starting out while he was carrying things into people's places on the return trip from Astoria. And sometimes, he had to go quite a way afoot to catch up with them. He solved that problem by turning the mules around facing Astoria before he left them. When these mules saw another team or an automobile coming, without being guided they would of their own accord start turning off to the right to let whatever was coming pass.

Later on he bought a hard rubber tired truck for the Astoria trips and hired a fellow known as "Scottie" to drive the team of mules.

Hardie had the responsibility of burying the paupers, or any unidentified bodies such as drownings. He turned this chore over to Scottie, who would take the mules and wagon to pick up the body, take it to the pauper section of Ocean View Cemetery. Then dig the hole and with a couple of 4 x 4's for skids, slide the coffin down and bury it.

One day Hardie hid in the brush while Scottie was down in the grave digging and in a muffled voice every so often repeat, "Scottie." This was after dark. After a while Scottie got so scared that he climbed out of the grave and left before he finished the job.

Sometime later Hardie gave the job of driving the mules to Irvin "Bunk" Groh, who was around my age. He drove



The Sigurdson family—about 1919

the mules while he was not going to school. And occasionally he would get me to go with him. One time we took a load of food supplies to a logging camp down toward Seaside. There was some hay in the bottom of the wagon bed, so we used to lay down in the bed under the hay and watch the expression on people's faces as they passed us with no visible driver in the wagon.

In the early days practically all logging camps had a cook, cookhouse, and bunkhouse.

In later years, Will Hardie gave up the trucking business and built the Arden Villa Motel in Cannon Beach and stayed there until he died. His daughter Julia was a little older than I. His other two sons were older. Wallace spent many years in the Navy, and during his later years was Third Mate on commercial freighters.

The Bosshart family built cages and kept chipmunks as pets for many years.

We built chipmunk traps and one time the Bossharts offered us ten cents each if we got them a few chipmunks. We kept bringing chipmunks in until they had no more room for them. They had one real large cage with several compartments, including a wheel the chipmunks would get in and spin. They also had another cage a little smaller.

also with a wheel. They gave us this smaller cage and told us they had all the chipmunks they wanted. We took this cage home and had a lot of pleasure with the chipmunks. A few years earlier George Dunn had a pet chipmunk that he used to bring to school in his pocket.

George Warren had three large barns that he used to load with hay for his cattle.

We used to go to the barns and play in the hay.

We would also take matches and paper out with us and roll dried clover heads in the paper and smoke them. We stayed right in the hay to do our smoking, and I am still wondering how we survived from getting ourselves and the barn burned up.

George Warren was very good to us. He allowed us to take apples from a certain tree, provided we left the rest of the orchard alone.

He also allowed us to play in Warren's Hall out at the dock until we started playing handball and were knocking the plaster off the walls.

There were regular soldiers stationed at Fort Stevens. During the summer, the National Guard would come down and hold a sham battle with the regular soldiers. They had certain rules to go by and would maneuver for miles outside the fort. We kids would travel all through the roads west of Warrenton to see what was going on. These companies or squads of soldiers we met would question us as to where their enemy was. Sometimes we had information to give them and sometimes we would get a chance to see skirmishes.

Once brother Bill and a couple of others went down to Fort Stevens and saw quite a lot of live action. They were firing blank cartridges consisting of pressed and waxed paper. Bill got shot in the knee at close range with one of these blanks. It tore a hole through his clothes and took the skin off where it hit.

Every now and then one of the regular army men would go over the hill. It was the custom in those days to send the Army out looking for them. So when that happened, we would see quite a few soldiers around.

Scout Trip To Saddle Mountain

There was a group of Boy Scouts formed in Warrenton. Brother Bill was Scoutmaster. We went on many hikes in the woods in different areas.

One of our most outstanding trips was a weekend trip to Saddle Mountain. Bill got permission to use the launch "Irene." We went on the "Irene" from Warrenton to Olney. After arriving in Olney, we loaded our packs and blankets on our backs and struck out. We missed the road to Saddle Mountain and walked to Youngs River Falls. We still had an hour or two of daylight when we arrived there so those of us who had fishing equipment went fishing. I went just below the falls and fished in the hole there. Most of the others followed down the river. When it started getting dark, I had more trout than the rest combined and we all had fried trout along with pork and beans, potatoes, etc.

The next morning we broke camp and walked back the four miles to Olney and found the Saddle Mountain road. None of us had ever traveled the route before, so at every farmhouse we inquired as to how much farther we had to go. Evidently very few people traveled that route, as the people living in this area stared at us as though we were out of this world. At one house a dog charged out and bit brother Bill on the leg. It was a pretty bad bite and Bill limped the rest of the trip. Finally, after a total walk that day of about fifteen miles we reached Markson's place. I think there were about ten or twelve of us. Clarence Sullivan and myself were among the smallest.

We set up camp alongside Youngs River; bought some milk and eggs from Markson's, who treated us very kindly, and as soon as we finished eating, we went to bed. In those days we had no sleeping bags. We had a nice fire and slept on blankets on the ground—no tent. We were pestered all night long with mosquitoes.

The next morning after breakfast, except for Oscar Kindred, we started our four mile trek for Saddle Mountain.

We went along a trail through the woods of virgin timber. Many of the trees were six to ten feet in diameter.

When we arrived at the southwest side of the mountain, we took a trail that went up what appeared to be a dry creek bed, which took us up to the saddle of the mountain. At one place it was about twenty feet straight up and there was a ladder set up there. Then we wound around to where it was more easy going and then up a grassy slope to the top. We had a wonderful view and we could see where steam donkey engines were logging in the distance. Not far from the top was a nice spring of cool water. We picked up rocks and threw them in what was called the Devil's Kitchen, and counted to ten by the time we heard the rocks land. After an hour or so at the top we climbed down and returned to our camp. This trip up and down from the mountain did not seem as tiring as the day before, mainly because we traveled light. We were eaten up by mosquitoes another night and the following morning we headed for home—arriving on the “Irene” rather late that evening.



George Sigurdson and Doc. Wilson—looking north on Hemlock Street

Brother Bill, and Warren Lester, who was the grandson of Phinley Warren, each set themselves up a radio station. This consisted of an aerial of four aluminum wires hung with insulators from a cross bar. The wires were about three feet apart and the aerial was about 150 feet long suspended from up on two large spruce trees. The set was dot-dash Morris code radio, operated with crystals. Warren Lester's outfit was nearly half a mile down the river toward the center of town. They spent a lot of time talking to each other and also to the Naval radio station located on top of Smith's Point in Astoria. The Navy station's call letters were "P C." Sometimes when the Navy station was busy talking to ships at sea, they would ask the boys to sign off as they caused too much interference.

It seemed every morning after a bad storm the aerial was broken up and hanging on the ground. However, Bill was patient and with help he would splice it back together and put it up again. During a hard storm, one tree would rock one way while the other would sway back the opposite way, and the springs he had were not enough to compensate for the extreme conditions.

Quincy Robinson and the Lighthouse Packing Company were also canning clams in Warrenton.

In 1913 my father canned nearly five thousand cases of clams. Fred arrived back from Puget Sound. When he got home he acted as though he was drunk. He made the trip alone on his boat, the "Eva." The trip took two days and two nights. Once he dozed off and as the boat leaked, the water in the bilge got up to the fly wheel of the engine and threw water in his face. This woke him up. As he looked around there was no land in sight. He did not know how bad the boat was leaking, so he dumped a couple of barrels of water overboard to make sure. However, he had the boat pumped out in a short time and then stayed awake the rest of the trip.

In 1913 my father made a trip to Iceland with his brother, Sig. He also toured Europe, the eastern part of the United States, and Canada. He also spent some time around North Dakota seeing relatives. He was gone a total of four months. The trip took him on a total of four ships.



Capt. Asvaldur Sigurdson, father of the author

The house was rebuilt and made larger. Also a lot of piling was driven and a woodshed built over the river bank.

The folks bought an automatic washing machine, but still boiled the clothes in a copper boiler.

Our wood range had a fifteen gallon tank at the back part of the stove. The smoke circulated around and under this tank before it went up the chimney, so there was always warm water to draw from. Then when a lot of warm water was drawn from this reservoir, cold water would be added. The water came from a well.

Brother Alex married and built a house in Olney while he was running the "Teddy Roosevelt" from Olney to Astoria and back. This was a daily run and as there was no road to Olney, the boat stopped at every farmer's landing and picked up passengers, milk cans, etc. Alex spent time in Astoria shopping for those who did not make the trip.

One of the most noted and outspoken characters along the way was Mrs. Grant. She was the mother of Nace Grant, who at one time was either sheriff or chief of police of Astoria. She always rode in the pilot house with Alex.

One time I stayed in Olney with Alex for about three weeks during the summer. The kids in that area were far apart. I used to play with Buck Olson, who lived at the hotel by the boat landing and also Henry Frazer, who lived up the hill from Alex's house. And down the road was the Ulrick family, the boys Adolph and August and several sisters.

One day Alex's wife, Tillie, asked me to go down to Mrs. Ulrich, cut the chicken's head off and wrap it in newspaper so I would not get blood on me. She gave me the money, but cautioned me not to pay her more than she asked.

Mrs. Ulrich could not understand English, so she got her daughter to interpret. Everything went fine except the pay. Mrs. Ulrich would not take pay because Mrs. Sigurdson gave her medicine to make her baby well. Tillie insisted I should have paid her anyway, but I reminded her of her instructions.

The Warrenton Beavers

In the fall of 1913 I started school in the 7th grade with Mr. Skirvin, principal, and Nellie Peppers teaching the little school.

We had a baseball team called the Warrenton Beavers. Practically every kid in school belonged to the team. I believe Clifford Warren was about the only one who did not play. However, we had enough so we had two or three on the bench.

Around this time and for several years prior, the baseball grounds were across the ditch from the little school.

We won our games which we played with other teams. In fact, I believe this year was about the first or second year of a three year period that we lost only one game.

Brother George was the captain of the team. He had a rule that anyone who missed practice without a good excuse was kicked off the team.

I played the bench about half the time, along with Hub Groh. Ray Straus would rather fish than practice, so every once in a while he got kicked off the team. Then I would usually get a chance to play.

The big town team lost most of their games. We would usually be there and picked up the bats they broke and taped them for ourselves. Sometimes we would find balls that were lost by the big team as there were bunches of wire grass which concealed them, sometimes on purpose. During the games played in our home town by both the big team and ourselves, we would get ten gallons of ice cream and cones and sell them. For a while our kid team drew larger crowds than the big team. The Astoria schools were McClure, Shively and Taylor. Also, West Astoria had a team and the Boys' Drum Corps. Also, we played Skipanon and Hammond and Knappa. We had Mrs. Lee Straus make our uniforms, financed mostly by ice cream sales.

Victor "Toots" Coffee was president of the ball club. After a long time, it was discovered that Toots had a way



"Teddy Roosevelt," Capt. Sigurdson's boat (1910)

of controlling the votes. He did this by naming whatever he wanted voted for first. On the first vote, a lot of the kids would say "Aye" almost without thinking. I am inclined to believe this theory would work among grownups also, even today. After we got wise to what Toots was doing, we slowed it down some. However, he was a pretty good politician.

One time when brother Gunnar was playing right field on the big team, a high fly came out his way. He had to run pretty hard to get under it. And just as he caught the ball, he went headfirst into the ditch which separated the ball-grounds from the two schools. He was soft mud from end to end but he came up with the ball in his hand and the batter was called out.

The games played with such teams as Olney, Chinook, and Ilwaco had to be made by boat trip. Sometimes our kid team would arrange a doubleheader and go on the boat with the big team. They also shared the expenses. A hat was usually passed for admission to the ball games.

On one of these trips, we played the Olney girls' team. They beat a number of boys' teams, but they were no match for us. The trip was on my brother's boat, "Teddy Roosevelt."

As the game began, they asked our permission to use boys for pitching and catching. After the game went along for a while their girl captain ran the boys off the field and

changed it to all girls. I think one of the girl's name was Holmes and two or three of them were Johansen.

Later on someone bought part of the ball grounds property, and the ball grounds were relocated about a half mile west—by where the McGuire row was later built.

Occasionally "Toots" Coffee, my brother Henry and Ray Straus would travel together—going out to the bay looking for arrow heads, etc. Toots was quite a lot larger than the other two and he delighted in getting them to fight each other.

They got their heads together one day and decided the next time he tried to promote a fight they would both beat up Toots. Sure enough, it was not long before Toots tried to promote a fight. They both started after Toots. Toots landed a good one on Ray and knocked him down. Ray got up and ran and "Toots" proceeded to beat up on Henry.

It seems in those days the kids had a tendency to fight more than nowadays. But there were less mean vandalism, shoplifting, use of alcohol, and drugs than nowadays. In fact, drug use was hardly heard of then. I do believe more kids chewed tobacco then. And the few who did drink, drank at home with their parents.

Once Gerald Malarkey lost his horse for about a week. We all looked for it in the evenings after school. Finally Roy Vanice, on return from delivering a load of wood in Hammond, reported that he had seen the horse there and the kids of Hammond were riding it.

Gerald organized a group of about six or seven of us to go to Hammond on Saturday, beat up every kid we saw, and bring back the horse.

As we got into Hammond, we spotted groups of two or three kids at a time. As we ran toward them, they ran into their houses. This made us more brave than ever. So we decided to beat up on the men also. As we got to the center of town, we spotted half a dozen men. We took after them on the run, but to our surprise they did not retreat and they looked at us in wonderment. Before we got to them, we turned chicken and then continued our search for the horse. We found the horse at the other end of town and took turns riding the horse home two at a time.

The boys in those days seemed to ride horseback more than the girls. A few of the boys had horses just to ride. However, some used the horses which their parents normally used to pull wagons.

My brothers Fred, Sig, and later Gunmar, and also Warren Lester went partners and purchased the launch, "Rose." This boat was built by Peter Johns, the father of Mrs. Arthur Dempsey. Peter Johns later bought the "Teddy Roosevelt" from brother Alex when he gave up the Olney-Astoria run.

They used the launch "Rose" to haul passengers and freight from Warrenton to Astoria, to McGowan, to Chinook, to Ilwaco, to Fort Canby, back to Ilwaco, to Fort Stevens Hammond, and back to Warrenton. This was the last boat which ever made this Lower Columbia run. However, boats continued for years later to run to Knappton, Altoona, etc.

My father during 1914 canned about five thousand cases of clams and sold them to wholesalers in the Portland area. He later sold the cannery and business to my older brothers mentioned above.

The European War started in August and later was called World War I.

There were lots of uprisings in Mexico all year.

The Great Northern and Northern Pacific started building their water terminal in Flavel. A lot of us were present for the celebration of driving the first piling. Later the piling was pulled because it was not in the right place.

That year they started building the Port Docks in Astoria.

My sister Anna taught school in Warrenton the first part of the year and went to the Oregon Agricultural College in Corvallis the latter part.

Runa took a summer term in O.A.C. Bill was on his last year at Astoria High School.

Before the year was over, my oldest brothers built an office for the cannery and also two scows.

The county poor house was built that year.

Woodrow Wilson was elected President.

They started construction of the new school in Warrenton. To the west was a fair sized hill and to the east was



Launch "Rose" hauled passengers and freight on the Lower Columbia

a swamp. They filled the swamp with drain tile. George Carter was in charge of the tile work. Then sand was hauled from the hill and about three feet of sand was spread out in the swamp. This contract was let to people from Clatsop Plains and they brought a narrow gauge railway and a dump car to make the fill. It had been used to fill cranberry bogs.

They would fill the car up on the hill. They would lower it down the hill with a long pole for a break and hook a horse on at the bottom of the hill to run out on the flat area, where it was dumped and the operation repeated.

At night quite a group of us kids would push the car up the hill and ride it down with enough momentum to go quite a ways out onto the flat. We were not satisfied with riding an empty car, so we decided to load the car up with sand. We filled it up good and started it on its way.

Most of us thought it was too dangerous to ride down loaded, so we stayed off and pulled a couple of the smallest kids off. But Earl Groh managed to stay on. He stayed on and as it picked up speed going down the hill, it started leaping. It leaped about four times and jumped the track. Earl Groh wound up with a sprained knee. The dump car got broken so they had to repair it. The result was that our rides had come to an end.

In the early days, Jake Bosshart not only ran the Elk Saloon, but he also had a blacksmith shop in the back on the south side of the saloon where he shoed horses and did other blacksmith work. One job for blacksmiths in those

days was putting steel tires on wagon wheels. This was accomplished by expanding the tire so that it easily slipped on to the wheel and when it cooled, it contracted to make a tight fit. Jake Bosshart also had a barber shop on the south side of the saloon. The barber's name was Henshaw who lived on the east side of the river.

One time, the Oregon National Guard had their encampment at Gearhart. To us that was quite an event, so a group of us decided to walk from Warrenton to Gearhart. When we arrived, we were pretty tired and hungry. Glenn Roberts was in our group. And to our luck, his father was cooking at the camp. He asked Glenn if he had had anything to eat. Glenn said none of us had eaten, so we all got a sandwich. We took in the war games and then the long trek home. We were pretty tired when we got back home.

Evening Games

We had several places to play, but the one which was the most mysterious was in the old Kelley mill. There were lots of places to hide. Underneath the sawdust bunkers in the boiler room, there was quite a large area and pitch dark. This was one place a person could hide without getting caught.

Outside of baseball, our most popular game was "Sheep in my Pen." This game started out with two being "it." They stayed in the base or pen and counted to one hundred while the rest went and hid. Then they would look for the others and had to stay within ten feet of each other. Usually holding a rope. This game was played in the evening when it was dusk or dark.

When they found someone, they would shout "Sheep in my Pen," and would call out the name. The one caught would go to the base and could not leave until one of the others hiding came to the base and touched him.

When the first two would get caught three times, they in turn would be "it" and a new game would start.

This game became very popular in the evenings. Lots



Big School—1914

of times kids who were hiding would yell to tantalize the two who were "it." And as we usually played right in town, certain people complained of the noise. At times nearly every kid in town was playing. This brought on a 9:00 p.m. curfew ordinance. And Henry Lee, the city marshal, would try to get us off the streets and fields and send us home.

We soon found that his bark was worse than his bite. I remember once he came upon a group of kids at the "base," and ordered them home at once or he would put them in the "box." However, a couple of them well hidden about two blocks apart would yell to tantalize him. Hub Groh was up in a spruce tree, and at the other end his brother Bunk was well hidden in the center of an evergreen blackberry bush. When he went toward one, the other would yell and vice versa. This gave us a lot of entertainment for about half an hour.

Our favorite hiding places with this game were in the brush, up trees, and behind bunches of wire grass. Some of the kids were very active and traveled around a lot. While

others hid themselves well and stayed put mostly. I think the kids who had the most fun were the ones who moved around the most.

Our Dad had ten cords of wood ordered every spring. So we had the job of stacking it up.

During the summer we worked in the clam cannery. During the time Dad owned the cannery, our work was for our board and room, clothes and school supplies. But after he sold the cannery to our oldest brothers, we demanded pay for our work. The first negotiated wage was $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents an hour. The next year it was 15 cents an hour. And the following rate was 20 cents an hour.

Most of the residents of Warrenton depended on rain water for their water supply. However, where the ground was higher and sandy, people had wells.

It was a very common sight to see water tanks setting up by homes and other buildings with water troughs running from the roofs to the tanks. And not a few of them had wiggle tails in them. That is the larva of the mosquito.

It was this year of 1915 that the City of Warrenton



Launch "Rose" with "Irene" in the background in front of the cannery

decided to put in a water system. This was quite an improvement. This water came from the upper Lewis & Clark River, with access to the dam site by a logging railroad.

My older brothers built a new cannery in Warrenton. Also one in Ocean Park, Washington. The price of clams was two dollars per hundred pounds. It was a poor clam year.

One day our father made a trip to Portland. I do not remember how many days he had been gone. However, one night just as we were going to bed, we saw a light out in the barn. It was our father just arriving from Portland with a team of horses, a new wagon, and the wagon full of feed for the horses.

This was the last team of horses my father purchased, but prior to them he had bought and sold many horses.

My father had a new house built and rented it to J. T. Lee, the school teacher, for twelve dollars and a half per month.

My Dad tore down his old cannery building which had been built with square handmade nails. These nails were made by cutting the nails from a piece of band iron. The head one way and the opposite the next time.

My father sold his team of horses and wagon the same year to Peter Carlson, who paid for it by hauling sand to fill in low land by the river. The wagon bed for hauling sand had loose 2 x 4s for the bottom and 2 x 12s on the sides beside the end gates. To unload the sand the end gates would be taken off. Then the 2 x 4s would be turned on edge to let the sand fall through. When the sand was emptied, the wagon bed would be put back together and they would go for another load. Loading up was harder, as all the sand had to be shoveled onto the wagon by hand.

My Dad used his boat the "Irene" and made a few trips out in the ocean trolling. Trolling in the ocean for salmon was pretty much of a new business in those days. However, a few years later it built up to quite a business. Gillnetting was something else. As there were a lot of gillnetters in the latter part of the 19th century.

"Great Northern" and "Northern Pacific"

The San Francisco Fair was in 1915.

Also, the two big ships, the "Great Northern" and the "Northern Pacific" ran from Flavel "North Warrenton" to San Francisco. I had the privilege of going aboard the "Great Northern" the first day she docked. They could make the trip to San Francisco in 26 hours.

It was quite exciting in those days, as Oregon was dry and a lot of liquor was smuggled aboard these two ships.

The Flavel dock was situated in such way that at times when the tide was at the wrong stage, it would take several hours to get one of those boats landed.

The passengers came by train from Portland, stayed overnight at the Flavel Hotel. Then the next morning they would embark on one of the ships for San Francisco. Later on, after the United States got into World War I, these two ships hauled the most troops to France.

During the Flavel days, there was quite a business district there including stores, barber, etc. These boats made three trips a week to San Francisco.

The war started in Europe, and we sent General Pershing down to Mexico to capture General Villa. He had been



"Northern Pacific" at the Flavel dock (1916)

raiding American towns and the Mexican government could not control him. Pershing could not capture him either, as he hid in the mountains. Later, General John J. Pershing became our World War I European Commander.

I think it was March when the new school was built. J. T. Lee, the principal, had all of the school kids from both of the old schools pack our books and march through town to the new school—about three-fourths of a mile.

The following fall, instead of just the 9th grade, all of the high school grades were taught at the new school; and more than just the two teachers.

Once during the summer Dan Erickson, Carl Loman, and I decided on a three-day fishing trip up the Lewis & Clark River.



Dan Erickson with catch from Alder Creek, near the Flavel dock

We took the train and got off at Wahanna just north of Seaside. Then we walked up past what is now Crown Camp and up the logging railroad to where the head water of the Warrenton water system is. We stayed at a cabin there. All the way up Dan was telling me what a good hiker he was.

After we got located, we went fishing. Dan caught quite a few trout while I had no luck. We even traded poles, but it did me no good.

We fished until dark the next day, and by the time we had cooked our meal it was getting pretty late.

The next morning we overslept and in order to catch the train we had to run part time and walk fast part time. It was quite a few miles at this rate of speed so it was quite a strain on us.

Poor Dan tuckered out and had to sit down a couple of times. I ran the last mile or so and asked the conductor to hold up the train until Dan and Carl arrived.

The Hoag family moved into town in the old Olson house South of the new school.

One day Joe Hoag went out in the woods back of his house and found a couple of small bear cubs. He took them home and kept them as pets. We used to go up and play with the cubs. Invariably every time we tried to pet the cubs they would try to climb up on top of our heads. As they grew up they got too hard to handle, so they were finally turned over to a carnival which came to town.

Joe Hoag had a shotgun shell loading outfit. It was a ten gauge shotgun. Joe got quite a kick out of overloading the shells and getting some small kid to shoot it. Sometimes it would knock the kid down.

We used to go back of Joe Hoag's place and go through the swamp in a Southwest direction and come out in the old graveyard that has now been converted into the southeast corner of the Ocean View Cemetery. During the conversion these old graves were relocated. However, at this old graveyard there were a number of yew trees. They at one time were planted on graves but changed to a small grove. We picked the best yew limbs and made bows out of them. Usually we used cedar for arrows, as they were easy to split and straight grained.

During the summer, I worked part time in the cannery, but it was a poor clam season, so was not too busy.

I had learned to milk cows, so I acquired the job of milking three cows with brother Henry.

Ben Lee, the son of the school principal, J. T. Lee, and I, during our earlier years in school were quite chummy. However, when we got to the 8th grade, Ben became quite an athlete. He was tops in both baseball and basketball. My athletic ability was below average.

It seemed to me that Ben's popularity got so high that he decided my friendship was not needed.

Gradually, he started picking on me. Once when we were up to Joe Hoag's place, we put on Joe's boxing gloves. We had quite a boxing bout and Ben hit me about twice to my one. After that, things went for the worse. As that boxing match convinced both Ben and me that he could lick me. So he came behind me oftener to trip me. He rode a bicycle to school and while I was walking he would ring his bell and come at me full speed. The first time I jumped off the sidewalk. However, the second time he tried it I watched him through the corner of my eye. And just as he passed I caught his seat post and smeared him, bicycle and all. He got up and we exchanged a couple of blows and argued awhile. Then he picked up his bike and went on.

I figured there was only one way to solve the problem. To get in a fight with him and take a beating to let him know I was not afraid of him.

A few days later, nearly all the kids in town had chosen up sides during the evening and each had a bat made of 2 x 2s taken out of the cannery slab woodpile.

I had to milk the cows so was late. I did not cut myself a bat because it was getting so late. I figured someone would be going home and I could pick up one they left.

It so happened that Ben and Vernice Moore engaged in a wrestling match and the bat Ben had been using was lying idle. So I picked it up and got in the game. About fifteen minutes later Ben came up to me and asked me for the bat. I told him "No." He watched his opportunity and snatched it out of my hands, ran over the riverbank and threw it in the river. While we were tongue lashing each other, one of the kids put a bat on my shoulder. Ben reached up and kicked it off. I socked him one and the fight was on. We must have fought a full fifteen minutes and as time went on, I gradually kept getting the better of him more and more.

At first he was hitting me oftener, but when I landed one it counted more than several of his punches. I stood waiting for him while he danced around and let him have it when I got the opportunity.

Nearly every kid in town was there and I definitely won the fight by a good margin. After that, his popularity went down and mine went up. And he never bothered me after that.

About a month before school started in the fall, my folks had a heart to heart talk with me. They told me I was perfectly welcome to go to high school if I preferred. However, it would have to be on my own initiative and they were not going to force me to school. That I had about a month to think it over, so make my decision.

I think it took me about five minutes to decide. If I could get a job, I would work and if I could not get a job, I would go to high school.

Mess Boy On The "Arago"

One day shortly before school started, we were playing baseball. Harold Franklin was mess boy on the "Arago," an Army Engineers boat one hundred feet long with a crew of nine stationed mostly at Fort Canby and Fort Stevens. During this ball game, Harold showed up to play with us. The first thing I asked him whether he was going to high school.

He advised me he was. So I asked him if he would ask the captain if I could have his job. The job paid thirty dollars a month and board and room. Later I got a letter from him giving me the okay, instructing me to take the morning train to Astoria the following Saturday. He would stay with me all that day showing me the ropes and he would take the evening train home.

I had just left the house on Saturday to catch the train when the phone rang and it was Harold. He was so excited he could hardly talk. He said, "Don't come! Don't come!" The captain had just shot himself.

Six years earlier, Captain Dunbar was captain of the big dredge "Chinook." He was despondent over his wife's death and he took a revolver and tried to shoot himself in the temple. He shot himself four or five times when a deck-hand took the gun away from him. He went to the hospital with the result of losing one eye.

This time, when he was captain of the "Arago," he used a rifle in his mouth in his stateroom. He went out of his course to where the end of the Port Dock is now to get in the same spot in the river. Also the same month, the same day of the month, and the same weekday. Also the same time of day, 7:50 a.m. All, except six years later.

After three or four days, Captain Beard took over the ship. He was the father of Ed Beard, who was an owner and superintendent of Point Adams Packing Company until he retired. Then I was notified to come.

My duties were to help the cook, serve the captain and chief engineers meals aft in the salon, do the dishes, and scrub the galley floor once a day. Also, I was to keep the salon, galley, and messroom clean, polish all brass on the inside and take care of the ship's laundry.

Every Saturday evening, some one of the crew went up town, usually Ilwaco, and brought aboard some liquor. They offered me a drink, but I always refused. However, in those days there was a non-alcoholic drink made of raspberry juice called R. Porter. So they brought some of that and mixed it with alcohol and offered that to me. It tasted good and not knowing it had the kick added, I obliged them.

Not long after that it was time to serve the captain and chief with the tray aft. I remember it was a pretty wobbly trip going down the deck. The crew all watched me with quite an interest. However, I don't believe the captain and chief noticed anything wrong.

I was only on the boat a little over a month. Most of the time we were in Fort Canby, as they were building the North Jetty at that time. Sometimes we would go to Fort Stevens, Fort Columbia, or Astoria. We always took the laundry to Astoria once a week. Once we towed a rock barge to Portland to have a new plank deck cover put on it. And when it was finished we towed it back to Fort Canby.

When we arrived in Portland at the coal docks by the Broadway bridge, I decided to visit my cousins, Harry and Sophia Kyle. I remembered when they were visiting the folks that they said they lived on the corner of 13th and Salmon. So as one of the crew named Fred was going up town he told me how to get there and walked half way with me. When we left the boat and took the stairs up on the Broadway bridge, I thought I could feel the bridge rock. But when we got on solid ground and still felt the rock, I decided I had sea legs.

Harry and Sophia were very surprised to see me there alone, as I had just turned 14 and was still wearing knee high pants which kids wore in those days. I had a hard time to convince them that I was not running away from home and was working on a government boat.

After a nice visit, they took me back to the boat in their car. Harry was a Naval Recruiting officer.

While I was working on the "Arago," my older brothers were running the "Rose" on the passenger and freight run on the Lower Columbia. So every so often I would visit them when they were at Fort Canby.

One day I was given quite a shock while we were in Astoria. The cook had quit and they applied for a new cook at an employment bureau in Portland. When the cook arrived, he brought his brother for his mess boy. And told the captain that if his brother was not put on as mess boy, he would not take the job.

The captain called me in and apologized very much. However, I was out of a job that night. The rest of the crew gave me a lot of sympathy. It was the only job I ever bawled over losing.

That following winter I trapped for muskrats. However, my income was not very large. I was sick with the, I guess you would call it, the la grippe, for a couple of weeks that winter. At that time the flu had not yet been invented. I got sixty muskrat hides at about one dollar each.

I cannot remember the exact year that the two Strom brothers came to Warrenton and built a blacksmith shop west of the old Tremblay house which was later used as the American Legion hall. They only operated the blacksmith



The ten Sigurdson boys (1916)

shop a short time, but it was fascinating to watch those fellows pound out the hot iron into different shapes in such a short time. Also they did a lot of welding with the forge. However, it was years later that the Tremblay house referred to was built.

My older brothers bought a gillnet type boat from C. F. Lester named the "Lolita." This boat had a Union one-cylinder engine of five horsepower. It was a make and break spark, no spark plugs.

The engine was very easy to start, so we used to take it up and down the Skipanon River at every opportunity.

Once they decided to put the boat in a gillnet boat race at the Astoria Regatta. They thought the name "Lolita" was not very appropriate, so they changed the name to "Sea Bug."

In 1916 we had a very cold winter. There was a couple of feet of snow.

My father bought an old sailing boat which had been used to haul salmon for Sanborn Cutting Company. In the olden days, Sanborn used to also make cans. The boat re-

ferred to was called the "Plunger." He also bought another smaller boat which was later called "Tar Pot." That was because it had been tarred so heavily to make it watertight. Some said it was tarred to hold it together.

My older brothers also bought the "Eva" from brother Fred. However, this boat burned at the mouth of the Skipanon River. Later they sold the engine to my father.

In the spring, my older brothers decided to can salmon. My father hauled the fish to the cannery with his boat the "Irene." Dewey Neal was the fish butcher and my brother Henry and I were the slimers. The company canned three thousand cases of salmon that summer. Henry and I received 20 cents an hour.

After running the "Teddy Roosevelt" for eight years from Olney to Astoria and back, hauling passengers and freight, brother Alex sold the boat to Peter Johns. They were building the road from Astoria to Olney, so he figured the boat business was about at an end.

Brother George ran the telephone switchboard in Doc Wilson's drugstore. But when he left to work in the cannery at Ocean Park, Washington, my sister Runa took on the switchboard. Later on she married Doc.

My oldest sister, Anna, married Arza Willis and they moved to Ridgefield, Washington, to teach school.

During the summer the water works was completed in Warrenton. Also they started building the Warrenton Clay Products plant. This plant operated for a short time and was later shut down. They made clay sewer and building tile.

They built new railroad and county drawbridges across the Skipanon River.

A man named John Oline was logging up the Skipanon River. These logs were floated down the river and rafted for towing to mills along the Columbia River. On high tides a lot of the logs would hang up on the river bank. They had to stay there until a real high tide came in order to get them floating.

One time when the tides were real high, John Oline saw Henry and me and asked us if we would take our boat and push those high logs into the river from the banks. Some

of them we had to use prys to pry them off. When we got through, John Oline was very pleased. He reached in his pocket and gave us a twenty dollar gold piece.

We would have been satisfied with two dollars, and it was hard for us to realize that we had gotten so rich so sudden. It might have been that that was the only money he had on him.

Woodrow Wilson was elected President.

Cannery And Woodyard Work

That summer and fall I worked in the cannery when I could and in the sawmill woodyard when the cannery was not operating. All for 20 cents an hour.

My older brothers had bought the wood contract from the mill. This mill was located where the Warrenton Mooring Basin is now.

While working in the woodyard, I remember working with my brother-in-law as foreman at first. Anna's husband, Arza Willis. As crew, there was, besides myself, brother Henry, Polly Goden and Jim Whittington, a brother to Ed Whittington who lost his leg blowing whistle in the logging camp which was up the Skipanon River. I later worked in that camp to take Ed Whittington's place. Also Leo Brown was on the woodyard and some I could not remember. Also Kermit Bestul worked there.

Later, on the woodyard were the three Kindred brothers, Ed, Walter, and Charlie. They were sons of the early pioneer, Jim Kindred. Jim's father homesteaded an area around Fort Stevens and Was B. C. Kindred. Jim's brother started a hotel in Tokeland, Washington, and was the hotel we stayed at when I was five years old—the old Kindred Hotel.

In 1917 my brother Alex, having sold his boat the "Teddy Roosevelt," let a contract to an Astoria man to move his home from Olney to Warrenton. The man's name was Miller.

He jacked the house up and put it on rollers. Then he took it down the hill about three hundred yards and put it

on a barge in the Klaskanine River. This was all done while the family was still living in the house. The house on the barge was towed to Warrenton through both bridges and up the Skipanon River nearly a mile.

Then the house was cribbed up high on the barge and right at high tide the house was pulled off the barge over the top of the dike. As the weight of the house left the barge, the barge raised. But as the tide was going out, it held the barge at the same level. This all had to be coordinated between taking the house off and the lowering of the tide.

A lot of people watched this process which was handled perfectly. This all being done while the family lived in the house. Also, Alex's horse "Blackie" was tied on the back porch.

After crossing over the dike, the house was just the right height to put a basement under it. So instead of lowering the house, a basement was built under it. This house is still standing across the street from the Bosshart house. It is the only house in that neighborhood which is setting up so high.

After Alex moved his house to Warrenton, he gave his horse "Blackie" to sister Ruma. It was a good lively fast horse and I used to ride it at every opportunity.

Wilbur Wallingford was playing mumble peg at school one day and the knife blade went up into his eye and caused that eye to go blind. He was off school for several weeks. He had a sorrel horse that had a lot of speed.

Occasionally Wilbur and I would ride together. Once we were having a race up the road past what was then the new school. Just as I was passing the walkway to the school, a couple of school kids were coming and the horse jumped sideways about ten feet. Luckily I stayed on. Wilbur's horse was a little faster than Blackie.

We all got quarantined with scarlet fever. It went from one to the other.

It seemed in those days, people were quarantined for nearly every disease.

Dad built a house and rented it to W. Smith for two hundred dollars a year.

The United States entered the war in April. My brother George joined the Navy on his 17th birthday on May 22nd. Brother Bill joined the Army in November.

My older brothers later sold the wood contract and also the boat "Rose." The wood contract was sold to a hide tanning company in Astoria and I continued to work for them. We loaded barges, railroad cars, and also furnished wood for Bill Wallingford who delivered wood around town. A man by the name of Sid Singer was foreman. On the woodyard I got a raise to 25 cents an hour and we worked 10 hours a day. Several months later it was raised to 30 cents.

Logging From Daylight Till Dark

One evening some loggers stopped at the house and asked if I would like a job blowing whistle in a logging camp up the Skipanon River. They said there was about four months work and the pay was three dollars and a half per day. I took the job and moved up to camp with them. I think this logging company was called Peterson and Frye. After I arrived in camp, I found that their other whistle punk as they were called, lost his leg that day. The whistle punk who had lost his leg was Ed Whittington.

It was 1918. The whole crew slept in the bunkhouse and ate in the cookhouse.

We would get up, eat our breakfast and go out in the woods before daylight. When it was dawn, we would start logging. We went in at noon to eat and back logging until it got dark. Then we came back to camp after dark. Outside of myself and the donkey puncher, they all talked the Swedish language in the bunkhouse.

Every day the hooktender or boss would cuss me. And every night I would tell him I was quitting. He always talked me out of it and said they would get excited and did not mean a word they said.

We were ground logging with no high lead. And when they made a new layout, they got me to help them pull cable and would not give me time to change the whistle line. So

at times the donkey was about as close to me as the choker setter. One time by mistake, I sent in five whistles. That is not very complimentary to the donkey puncher. When he heard those five whistles, he picked up a wrench and took out after the hooktender. He had a hard time to convince the donkey puncher that he did not send in those whistles. I found out about it in the bunkhouse that night.

Once the choker setter was still in the process of hooking on the choker to a log when the hooktender yelled the signal to go ahead. I sent in the signal and the donkey started pulling the log when the choker setter was on it. The salal brush was so thick that he could not jump on the uphill side. So he jumped on the lower side. Just as he jumped, the log started to roll down over him. It just so happened that a big root held the log up from crushing him.

He said that during the time that the log was passing over him, cold sweat came out all over him.

He played poker every night. But that night he was not interested in poker.

I was just referring to the yarder donkey. There was also a roader donkey about five hundred yards away, down by the river. It pulled the logs down the skid road to the river. The skid road was made of the center logs lower than the two side logs forming the shape of a trough.

One day they had a log near the river which jumped off the skid road. At that time, several of us were standing on the skid road near the yarder. We did not know it, but they were trying to tightline the log back on by tightening both the mainline and haulback line. The result was that the haulback line broke. But it was at such a strain that the end traveled several hundred yards and through the block.

As I saw the other fellows jump, I looked and saw the end of that cable coming at me at a very high rate. I jumped, but the end of the cable slapped my heel and knocked me down. My ankle was a little sore for a few days. However, if that cable slapped around my leg, I probably would have been crippled for life.

This job only lasted about six weeks when the area was logged out.

When I moved back to Warrenton, Sid Singer gave me back my job in the woodyard.

A few months later, especially after Sid told me I was stronger than he, I got the desire to get 35 cents an hour instead of 30 cents. The older men were getting 35 cents while Kermit Bestull and myself only got 30 cents. We called Kermit "Ham." So Ham and I decided to ask Singer for 35 cents an hour.

He told us no, but we decided not to quit.

However, it so happened that Singer had overlooked sending in our time for a Sunday we had worked. So when we got our checks it was short. When we told Singer our checks were short, he thought we were expecting the raise. And said, "That is all you are going to get." All the rest of the day Ham and I talked about quitting because we would not stand for a person cheating us out of our time.

We passed Singer just after the whistle blew and I said to Singer, "Ham and I quit." Ham wanted to know why I said he had quit. I told him he had been telling me all day he was going to quit. So if he did not want to quit, he had better go back and tell Singer. However, he did not go back.

Then we both got a job working in the mill proper. The mill also paid the regular wages of three dollars and a half for a ten hour day. To my disappointment, my check only showed 30 cents an hour.

I asked the foreman, Mr. Hardie, for regular men's pay. The answer was, "Not for a little while yet, kid."

After a couple of months, I quit and got a job in Astoria in Rogers' Shipyard. It was located by the Port Docks, and they were building Ferris type wooden ships.

The first couple of weeks I was on the cleanup gang. Then I was transferred to the saw shed. Helping to saw out ribs, etc., on a band saw.

Later I was transferred to a pony saw. The man in charge of the pony saw was quite illiterate, so he had me do all the figuring and setting, also the offbearing and all he did was run the carriage back and forth. His name was Enberg.

One day he mashed the end of his finger off and I had another man to work with.

As usual, when we started I ran up to set the next cut. But the sawyer held me back and told me to do the offbearing and he would handle the rest. I found out that he had had several years' experience as head sawyer in a sawmill. Later we became quite good friends and he taught me a lot about cutting and grading lumber.

I was on this pony saw probably a couple of months when I got the opportunity to become a pipefitter's helper.

I went to work helping Ira Ford who several years previously had been my Scoutmaster. He had not been a pipefitter long.

When I started we got our pipe wrenches and started to work. He asked me to put the wrench on a tee while he screwed the pipe in. After putting the wrench on, he told me I had the wrench on backwards. I told him his wrench was backwards. After quite a discussion and trying the wrenches, he finally decided I was right.

A little later, I got the foreman to hire Ham Bestull. We were both helpers. However, once in a while the pipefitter I worked for would not show up. When this happened, I would get Ham to help me and I acted as pipefitter. This would usually last only a few hours when the boss would put me helping another pipefitter and sent Ham back to work on the bench.

Once I was put to work with a new pipefitter. And the first thing he asked me to get a fourteen inch left handed pipe wrench. I proceeded to get a regular fourteen inch pipe wrench and told him they did not have a left handed wrench, but gave me this combination left and right. And if this one did not work, they would send up to the main storeroom for one.

Later he wanted me to get a 46 degree $3/4$ " ell. I went up and got a 45 degree ell and told him they were out of 46 degree ells, but try this 45 $1/2$ degree ell and maybe it would work.

After a couple more of his tries to make a monkey of me, I told the other fellows what was happening. And asked them to pretend I was asking for all those things. However, they told him I was wise to him and he gave up trying to fool me.



A scene on the Skipanon River—Sigurdson's cow ferry

There were quite a few of us Warrenton fellows who worked in the shipyard and commuted back and forth on the train. Once the railroad company decided not to stop at the Port Docks. So a whole bus load of us climbed aboard and rode to the depot. No one paid any fare and told the operator to charge it up to the railroad company. The next day the train stopped.

A group of us made a trip to Saddle Mountain. My brothers Alex and Henry, sister Runa, Elizabeth Vimont, I, and possibly one or two others.

We took a boat from Warrenton to Olney. Then we walked to the Markson place. The next day we got up early and climbed the mountain. On the way down the mountain, we met an old man who was the fire lookout. At first he pretended he was lost, but later asked us to go back up with him and he made coffee. We were already near the top when we met him. He pointed out all the logging operations and was a good guide for us.

Going down I lost my pocketbook, so when I got to the base of the mountain, I called the lookout by phone and told him, giving my name and address. A few days later here

came my pocketbook in the mail. I made up a small package of cigars and mailed them to him, as I knew he smoked.

About three weeks later the Spanish Influenza struck. As this was the first time it was known, it struck hard and fast. It hit me among the first. While I was in bed with it, I was so sick that I lost interest in about everything. Runa was taking care of me. And I can remember her coming up to my bedroom and telling me that Elizabeth Vimont had just died. I was so sick that I did not answer her, so after she repeated it several times, I asked her to leave me alone. Elizabeth Vimont was one of the group which climbed Saddle Mountain about a month previously.

When I got well enough to go back to the shipyard, there was only 25 per cent of the crew working, as all the rest had the flu. Most of those who died were people who did not have anyone to wait on them or those who tried to



The author (second from left) with friends on the boardwalks of Warrenton

be up when they should have been in bed. Some even dropped dead on the streets. After that first round it settled down to more like it is now.

While working in the shipyard, it was my chore to milk three cows in the evening after I got home. One of the cows had a young calf which I used to give its milk after milking. I would put the calf's milk in a bucket and push the calf's head down in it and it would drink. When I was in bed with the flu, they told me I had better hurry up and get well so I could give the calf milk, as they had all tried and the calf refused to drink.

After about ten days I was able to get out of bed to take care of the calf. They got everything ready for me and the whole family followed me down to the barn to see the miracle. I was quite feeble, but I just went up to the calf and shoved its head into the bucket and that was all there was to it. The calf drank up all the milk. I went back to bed for the next day or two, but had to get up out of bed to feed the calf. Then I was okay and resumed my usual duties.

Building Wooden Ships

In those war days there were three shipyards in Astoria building wooden ships. Rogers Shipyard was by the Port Docks, and Wilson's Shipyard on the end of Smith's Point north of Three Boys' Market. These two shipyards built Ferris type ships. And McAechern Shipyard was located where the Bumble Bee Shipyard and Astoria Yacht Club are located. At that time there was a railroad running to the McAechern Shipyard. They built Hoff type ships. All these wooden ships I believe were a little under three hundred feet long. Their boilers burned oil and they had triple expansion engines in them. The steam going from one cylinder to the other. The first pressure cylinder was small. The next was medium sized and the third lowest pressure cylinder was very large.

The Germans were sinking our ships so fast with their submarines that the theory was to build as many ships as possible as fast as possible.

The larger steel ships were called Liberty Ships of eighty-eight thousand ton and ten thousand ton. These steel freighter ships were manned by a regular crew, but carried a Naval gun crew aboard for protection against submarines.

Brother Alex went on one of the wooden ships built by Wilson's Shipyard as bosun's mate. Brother Fred was gunner's mate on a Naval gun crew on a steel Liberty Ship, the "West Alsec." Brother Gunnar was water tender on a Naval supply ship, the "Schurz." Brother George was navigation quartermaster on the "U.S.S. Nevada." One of the battleships later sunk at Pearl Harbor. Brother Bill was in the Air Force, a sergeant teaching radio to pilots.

One time I was in Astoria and was looking for a certain store, so I stepped into a downtown building to inquire. It so happened that it was the draft board in session. I guess I hesitated as I inquired, so the draft board seemed to get the impression that I stopped in to register and got cold feet. It took me quite a while to convince them that I was only sixteen.

I had commuted on the train so many times that I knew that the third stop was the Warrenton depot. However, one evening when it was dark, I was busy talking to someone and never looked out the window. This particular night the train did not stop at the Skipanon River bridge. So I assumed the second stop was the bridge, while in fact it was the depot. So after the train started up, I got up to get ready to get off.

The Hollenbeck family was at that time living in the Clatsop Plains area. So I got off at the Morrison Station and was invited by Al Hellenback to go to their home and eat with them. This saved me a walk of about three miles.

The City of Warrenton sold two hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds and started to build bulkheads to straighten and dredge the Skipanon River so larger ships could come in. The dredging was later done by the U.S. Army Engineers and the contract was let to the Port of As-

toria, with the work being done by their dredge, "Natoma." We will come to that later.

My mother had a lot of sickness this year and was for a time in the hospital in Portland.

The turning point of the war seemed to be July, 1918.

The Warrenton Clam Company plant was shut down when all my older brothers except Sig were in the war. Sig worked in one of the shipyards.

My First Date

A man by the name of Chandler came to Warrenton and leased the cannery in the fall to can blackberries. He had a daughter named Eva. One Saturday night Ham Bestull and I planned a trip to Seaside and take in a show. Ham got a girl and I made a date with Eva. This was the first date I was ever on.

We used Ham Bestull's father's Maxwell automobile. We had no difficulty going to Seaside and taking in the show. But on the way home over a newly rocked road, we had one of our tires blow out. No one present had ever before had any experience with a flat tire. We did not have any tire repair kit and there were no stations or garages between Seaside and Warrenton. Our flat tire was a short distance north of Gearhart.

I told Ham that I had heard of people taking the tire off and running home on the rim. So we proceeded to take both the tire and rim off and ran home on the wheel. By the time we got home that wheel was a sad looking mess. The flange was bent back the opposite way and all the lug bolts were bent.

The next morning I went down to Ham's house and here he was with a monkey wrench bending the flange back a little at a time. I helped him and we finally got the tire fixed and mounted on the wheel. His father was pretty put out over the deal.

After the blackberry season was over, the Chandlers left town and I never saw them again.

The Hammond Lumber Company leased Smiley's Mill. That is the one which was located where the Warrenton Mooring Basin is now. And the one I had worked in.

I remember on one occasion, Mr. A. B. Hammond came down and inspected the mill. He wore tails and a high silk hat. He had a cane and smoked a cigar. He was the same Hammond who at one time built the railroad to Goble from Warrenton, and owned several sawmills including the large Hammond mill in Astoria, Garibaldi and elsewhere. He owned a fleet of lumber schooners and lumber yards. The town of Hammond was named after him in hopes he would run a railroad down there.

When he came into the mill yard smoking the cigar, the day watchman ordered him to put his cigar down. He answered by saying he was A. B. Hammond. The watchman answered by saying he did not care who he was, but as long as he was watchman, no one smoked in that yard.

Mr. Hammond put out the cigar and went into the office and told Mr. Potter, the superintendent, to hang onto that watchman, he was a good man.

The mill was cutting spruce cants which were sent to a cut-up mill in Vancouver to make airplane lumber. There was also a spruce riving camp South of Seaside. They used wedges and quartered the logs by splitting. And hauled them by train to the Vancouver plant. This camp was run by the Army Spruce division. There were also some Army men working the Warrenton sawmill.

A lot of these planes made with spruce wood were shipped to France. But none of them flew against the enemy. The Americans used French and British planes.

Although American losses in France were less than fifty thousand, it was a very bloody war. With as high as five thousand to ten thousand English, French and Germans killed in one battle.

General Pershing gave our troops good training before he put them into battle. So our troops did not fight over a very long period.

On November 11, 1918, I went to work in the shipyard as usual. When it was time to go to work, word came out that the Armistice had been signed. So instead of working

that day, the whole shipyard crew held a parade in Astoria, and celebrated the rest of the day.

Within about two weeks, most of the crew was laid off. And most of the partly built ships were not completed. They were sold to the highest bidders. Some were cut up for wood and some were burned for the iron in them. Mostly bolts.

The Barbey Packing Company in the old Great Northern Pacific Docks bought one of those half built ships to be cut up for boiler fuel.

After being laid off shortly after Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, Berne Shultz and I heard of a need for long-shoremen to load wheat at the Port of Astoria. We went to the Union longshore office and got in line. It so happened that we signed up just in time before they closed the window.

As we were only extras, we loaded wheat for a couple of weeks on two ships and were laid off. The old time long-shoremen tried in every way to put the pressure on us, but we were able to hold up our end okay. After a couple of days they did not try to pressure us anymore.

Montague O'Riley had a contract to pave the first blacktop to be laid in Warrenton. Their mixing plant was on a large barge. And they used a large crane to lift wagons onto the barge and load the asphalt paving mix. Then hoist the loaded wagons onto the dock where the team of horses hitched onto it and hauled it to where the pavement was laid. I got a job weighing tar on the barge. A man by the name of Sullivan was foreman. I think he swore more than the average logger. Especially when the old gas engine which ran the mixer stopped. It quite often stopped just after I dumped the tar. This job lasted a little over a month.

In 1919 Frank Kelley started rigging up his mill after it had been shut down for eight years over a law suit as to who inherited it from Frank's brother, Dave.

I went down and asked Frank for a job. He put me to work the first day cutting alder trees which had grown on the logs in the river.

Later a man named Miller got on the boom with me and we spent a few months rigging up the boom.

At one time Gladys Moore, whose nickname was Smoothie, told me he would buy me a cigar if I could put Kelley overboard. Kelley was really very active on the logs, and my challenge to a log rolling contest was dimmed when we were getting piling heads from the Warrenton bulkhead. Kelley was behind the bulkhead when Miller and I heard a peculiar noise.

We looked past the bulkhead where we saw Kelley on a small piling head, spinning it at a very high speed. Later, however, when we were working on the logs getting the logs from underneath one another, I was on the underneath log and when they rolled apart, I fell overboard. After climbing out onto a log, I noticed Kelley was standing on



Flat cars used for hauling rock to the North Jetty—picture taken from a cave in Baker's Bay

a hemlock log which just barely held him up. So I nonchalantly stepped onto the same log.

Kelley started going to the other end of the log, holler-ing, "Get off, kid." But instead of getting off, I came toward him.

He got wet up to his waist and laid across another log. Smoothie would not give me the cigar because I did not make him swim.

One time while working on the logs there came a lot of thunder and lightning with a heavy storm. They closed the mill down for the day. But as I was out on the boom, I did not know it and kept working.

I was walking down the boom with a crosscut saw on my shoulder when evidently a lightning struck the river. The shock I received dropped me to my knees, but did not permanently hurt me any.

My brother Henry was cutting shingle bolts in the shingle making part of the same mill.

This mill burned down about eight or nine years later.

Dredging The Skinanon

At this time, they were dredging the Skipanon River. They had filled in along the railroad track and the slough known as the Chinese or Japanese Sea. That is where the Seppa Dairy in Warrenton now stands. They had just moved over to where Hendrickson's Restaurant now stands when I got a job on her as a deck hand. Jack Tenbrook was the captain. The levermen were Pete, Carl, and Johnson. The captain, the leverman and Honas, the deck hand boss were ex-piledriver men who drove piling while building the original South Jetty on the Columbia River. Other deck hands beside myself were Stoddard from Hammond, a fellow named Fred, and one named Whitey. O. S. Wigglesworth was oiler, Smith and Carlson were engineers, the cooks were Chinamen, Ed Harmon was one of the firemen. One of the other firemen was killed a year or so later when a boiler manhole let loose. I stayed on the dredge until we nearly

completed the Skipanon channel in Warrenton and moved to the Port Dock in Astoria for repairs where the dredge sank and was raised and cleaned up and repaired.

While we were dredging in Warrenton, the chief engineer Smith was having a spud, similar to a piling with iron bands, built on the bank about where Hendrickson's are now located. I went over to help them. Smith asked me to take a 7/8" steel drill back to the dredge and bring back a 1" drill. There was a storm on at that time and I had on a pair of ordinary pants plus a pair of paraffin pants called tin pants. Also a heavy logger plaid shirt over my other shirt and a pair of high top rubber boots.

Just as I was going back to the dredge they were disconnecting the pipeline which connected to the shore. I ran as hard as I could and jumped on the pipe as it was being pulled out by the boat. And just as I stood on the pipe, the pipeline on the pontoons jerked sideways and I fell overboard. I tried swimming a couple of strokes and decided to let go of the drill. The pipeline kept going further away so I had to swim about thirty feet before I caught up with it.

When I got to the pontoon one of the other deck hands got hold of me to pull me up on the pontoon. I was so loaded up with water that it took all of his and my effort for me to get on the pontoon.

I brought the proper sized drill back on the bank to where they were building the spud and got hawled out for not hanging onto the other drill.

Before the dredging job was finished, I was given the job to run the donkey barge. This was a barge with a steam donkey on it for lifting swing anchors, etc.

After the dredge was moved to Astoria for repairs, they lifted the front ladder which held the suction pipe so the end of the suction pipe was about three feet above water. Then they took the suction pipe and pump apart inside the dredge. They tied the cable which raised the ladder and suction pipe and took the ladder hoisting drums off. Then they took off the two spuds in the stern of the dredge which weighed about thirty-five tons. Also the spud rack which weighed another thirty-five tons. This allowed the front

of the dredge to go down so the end of the suction pipe was only a few inches above the water.

That night the water got a little bit rough causing the dredge to rock a little between pier one and two.

With the bow down and stern up, a little water which seeped in all went to the bow, causing the bow to go down more.

While under repair all the crew except the firemen were on the day shift.

Sinking Of The Dredge Natoma

The morning the dredge sank I came to breakfast a little later than most. While I was eating, the day fireman who had just taken his shift came back and told the captain and chief that there was a lot of water in the hold. The captain said, "Start the siphons and siphon her out." The fireman said, "The siphons are already running."

A little later, the fireman who had just been relieved sat down to breakfast and said that the dredge was going down.

About then the chief finished eating and went down. He came back all excited and said, "Captain, she is sinking! She is sinking! She is sinking!"

Then the captain rushed down.

I asked the fireman if she really was sinking. He said, "She sure is. Look for yourself."

I rushed down to the main deck and the first thing I heard was, "Get a plank!"

So I picked up a 2" x 12" plank about fourteen feet long and started taking it into the engine room. I heard, "No, no, short ones."

They tried blocking the water from coming into the twenty-two inch suction line with short planks. However, the water which was backed up, built up enough pressure to slide the planks and loose pipe sections back and the flow would increase. Later I was out on the deck when the captain told me to watch and when she went down to where

the water was so high on the deck, to get those fellows up from the hold, where they were working.

I waited there and when the water got to the prescribed height, I heard the captain calling down for those fellows to come on out.

A few minutes later as I was looking into the engine room, I could hear splashes and low voices up in the bow.

I yelled to them to get out of there right away. They wanted to know who said. After I told them it was the captain's orders, they came out. This was probably about ten or fifteen minutes before the dredge actually went down.

I was trying to think what would be the outcome after the dredge had sunk. Or if there were any possibilities of any loss of life. Then it dawned on me that Ed Harmon, who was one of the firemen, was still asleep.

I rushed to his stateroom and found him sound asleep. First I was going to awaken him fast. And then I thought it would be better to wake him up slowly.

So I shook him gently and said, "Get up, Ed."

He said, "Leave me alone. I haven't had my sleep yet."

I repeated this two or three times until he really got put out with me. And when I told him the dredge was sinking, he would not believe me.

Finally I said, "All right, Ed. If you will get out of bed and see how far the deck is above water, I will let you go back to bed if you want to."

He slowly got out of bed trying to figure out what was the matter with me and looked down at the water. He grabbed his clothes and jerked them on as fast as he could and climbed up on the dock. I don't think he took all of his belongings. This was the side of the dredge which went down first, as the dredge had developed quite a list.

My stateroom was on the other side of the dredge. And there was an oil barge tied to that side.

I went to my stateroom and gathered up all my belongings and put them on the oil barge. The rest of the crew which was not already on the dock did the same.

Carl, the leverman, was last and the dredge was making its last plunge as he was coming down the ladder. The deck was tilted so much that when he tried to run he would

fall against the cabin. With a big leap he just barely made it to the oil barge as it was being pushed out. Then as the dredge settled on the bottom with just the pilot house sticking up, everyone was silent. Ed Harmon was very grateful to me that I saved his life.

It took three weeks to raise the dredge. My job was to swing a top maul eight hours a day driving sixty penny spikes into sheet piling. One 3 x 12, then a 2 x 12 sent over about 2½ inches, and then another 3 x 12 set directly over the first 3 x 12. The 2 x 12 in the middle formed a tongue and groove to the sheet piling eight inches thick.

By the time the cofferdam was finished, I could drive a spike with the small end of the top maul. Which was no larger than the spike head.

After the cofferdam was finished, the dredge Clatsop pumped out both the cofferdam and the dredge.

The cofferdam nearly gave way and two of us had to go to the bottom to saw a fender log loose before the dredge would let loose from the bottom.

We would saw with a crosscut saw as hard as we could, and when a piling would pop we jumped toward the ladder in the dredge. Then after the popping would quit, we would saw again. When we got the log sawed through, the dredged popped up about two feet, as it broke loose from the suction of the mud bottom.

It was a nasty job cleaning up the oil and mud after the dredged was raised.

However, I was lucky as I was assigned to the dredge tender, the launch Natoma.

Jim Babbidge was captain of the tender and he taught me a lot about boating. He was a perfect man to work for.

The dredge went back to finish dredging the Skipanon estuary and I went back as deckhand on the dredge.

In the spring, I took the job as a fish buyer for the Warrenton Clam Company.

At first the scow was located at Jetty Sands. One Saturday evening I took a skiff and went over to the jetty to walk home.

I had to walk about two miles on the jetty railroad track before I got to solid ground. On the ties were some one by

six boards of various lengths laid on top of the ties. They were not nailed down.

As I was walking along, I stepped on one of those short boards which was just right length to flip up and hit my upper lip just below my nose.

I got knocked out, and to my surprise I found myself lying on the railroad track. I have no idea how long I layed there.

When I arrived home in Warrenton, my upper lip was swollen so badly it nearly was out to the end of my nose.

Buying Fish

There were few trollers located at Jetty Sands, so after about two weeks they towed the scow over to Baker's Bay between Fort Canby and Ilwaco. More fishermen were on that side of the river, so I bought more fish.

Brother Bill picked up the previous day's delivery of fish with the boat "Irene" in the morning. Then I would clean up the scow and get ready for the day's delivery of fish.

Bill brought in gasoline and distillate for the trollers. Also a supply of groceries and cash to buy fish.

I sold gasoline, distillate and groceries. Some of the boat engines used distillate. This fuel was similar to a mixture of gasoline and kerosene.

I fit in my cooking to be during the slack period. So when the fish were running heavily in August, I usually cooked up something to eat about 10:00 p.m. And had to go without eating after about 10:00 a.m. or 11:00 a.m. after the first boat came in.

My living quarters consisted of a table, sink, bed, stove, and two chairs. I could sit at the table, cook my meal and eat it without getting up. In other words, the quarters were so small that everything was real handy. My meals consisted of fried potatoes, hotcakes, eggs, bread and butter, canned milk, canned vegetables, canned beef, and candy. This probably does not cover all, but it consisted mostly of staples.

Hiding The Cash

I bought all the fish for cash, so it was necessary to carry over a thousand dollars at times.

The company furnished me with a gun. However, I kept the gun in the same drawer as the money. Thinking sometime I might get held up, at times when I had a lot of money, I would store some of it in the clothes I had hung up.

All the fishermen took their money when they delivered their fish except one. His name was Julius Carlson. So one time, Julius had not been paid for several weeks and decided to fish up by Grays Harbor and wanted his money. He had about nine hundred dollars coming. He used to visit me in my living quarters sometimes, so made himself at home. This time he followed me and there was less than enough money in the drawer. So I had to go through my clothes.

When Julius saw me do this, he was very indignant. He could not believe I would distrust a fisherman so much that I would hide my money. I never did see him again, and I think it could be over this incident.

When the pick up boat picked up early in the morning and there was not too many fish, it was a shorter job cleaning up the scow, and I usually had some free time in the morning.

Occasionally I would take the skiff and row ashore to explore. There were a couple of caves formed by the action of the waves.

One thing which impressed me going to shore during certain times of the tide were the eddies. The scow was at least a thousand feet from shore. There would be a large eddy near the scow which would show a current opposite the main current. Then that eddy would have another eddy which would make a current the same direction as the main current and so forth to make a total of about five eddies going in different directions.

I had a pet shag which had the habit of landing on the scow. It would let me come up to it, but when I started to

touch it, it would back off. That shag kept landing on the scow daily for a period of several weeks.

Finally, the trolling season came to an end and the scow was towed back to Warrenton.

Shortly afterward on September 14, 1919, I attained the age of eighteen years. Considering my childhood days over at that time, I am writing finish to this book.



The author's pet, "Shag"



Clarence Sigurdson